Gen. WM. BOOTH, General. T. H. ADAMS, Commissioner.

War Cry

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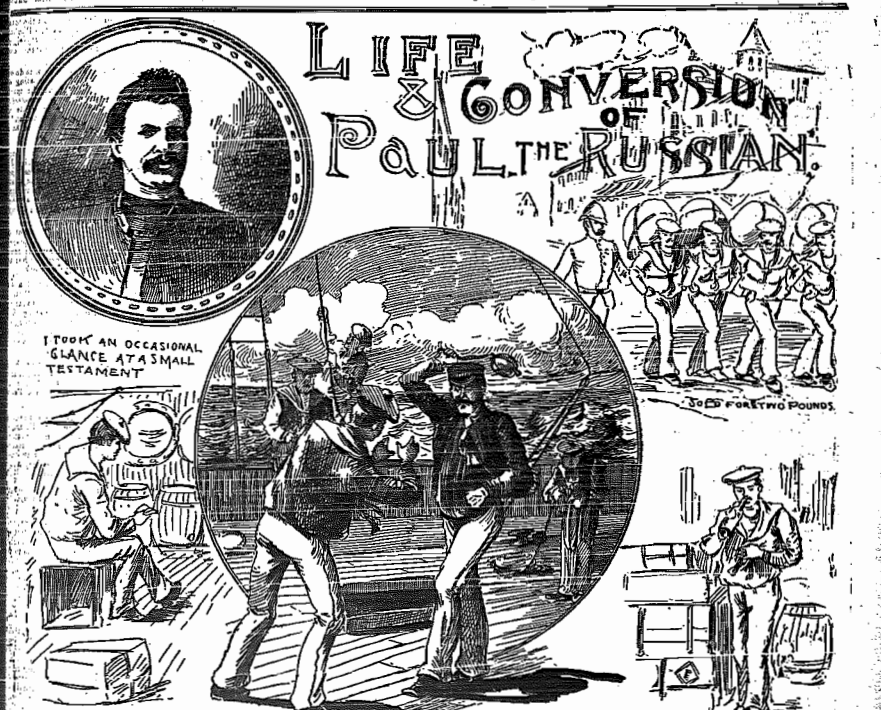

DRUNKEN SCOTTY.

A SAILOR'S LIFE — NINE YEARS AT SEA — SHIPS HIS MASTER — DESERTS HIS SHIP — BEHIND THE BARS IN WALES — SOLD FOR TWO POUNDS — REACHES B. C. — ARRESTED FOR DISTURBING SALVATION ARMY MEETINGS — SAVED ONE YEAR AFTER AT NANAIMO WHILE DRUNK — A SOLDIER — A CANDIDATE — A CADET AT THE TEMPLE GARRISON — A LIEUTENANT.

BY PICKER.

My eyes first beheld the light of the day at a small place in about the centre of Russia called Moshanak. My parents were quiet, hard-working farmers, who had all their lives attended the Lutheran church. Though, personally they know nothing of Christ as their Saviour, yet I was taught to love Him and fear God. I was sent to school where there were a number of Jews, and Roman Catholics, and of course quite a few Lutherans. We were all about the same age. Each different batch had their own priest, or minister, at different hours of the day, teaching a different doctrine. Though quite young, this was

MY FIRST CAUSE FOR UNBELIEF.

The questions arose in my mind: "Who was right?" "Is anybody right?" "Is there a God?" I became indifferent. My Sundays were spent at church in the morning, and fishing with the boys in the afternoon.

I was continually reprimanded for not living up to the rules of the church, but soon the church, the minister, the Sunday school—yes, even God seemed to be an abomination to me. I made up my mind that I was

OUT OUT FOR A SAILOR,

and not a farmer.

On one occasion a revival, so called, broke out in one of the churches. I went with a multitude of others. We all passed up the aisle to the front of the pulpit, where stood a priest muttering some words which no body could understand. Every one had to pay something, kiss the book, and pass on. They were supposed to have obtained remission of sins, and were all right, but I knew I was as bad, if not worse, than ever. So, from that out, I more than ever became a sceptic.

I was then seventeen years old, so I decided to be a man and earn my own living. I soon bid parents, home, friends, and all good-bye, and amidst tears and sobs I left home. I had hired with the master of a sailing vessel called "The Ida." My first trip was to France. I had considered myself a pretty hard lad, having learned

TO DRINK, SMOKE, CHEW AND SWEAR

before I left home; but before we were at sea twenty-four hours my hair almost stood up straight to hear some of the oaths uttered by some of the sailors, and the way they drank and used tobacco made me think if I was ever going to be an accomplished sailor I would have to go and do likewise, so I soon adapted myself to their ways and habits.

We soon reached France, and after a short stay returned to Russia, the return trip being spent in a like manner. My people were pleased to see me, and said I looked a little more hardened. I got to so love the life and my mates that I shipped with them again on the same vessel, this time going to the West Indies, to Hayti. Our passage was rough, but we used to drink just as much all the time to keep us in good working trim, so the storms never bothered us much.

When we reached port, all hands went ashore to have a good time. So off we started with our pay in our pockets. Our cash did not last long, but just long enough to keep us carousing until our ship sailed without us, so a few of us decided to stay, and that we did for seven months, when

WE RETURNED TO RUSSIA.

I was then going down with the tide rapidly, drink having become my master. I loved it.

My next trip was to Holland and return, on which I took an occasional glance at a small Testament which I found in my kit. It was placed there by my mother. I decided that a sailor's life after all was a little rough, and stopped home a while try-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.]

THE VERY LATEST

About Everything in Connection with the Social Wing in England.

COMMISSIONER CADMAN INTERVIEWED.

The Submerged—Food—Shelter—Metropoles—Elevators—Emigration—Salvage—Matches—A Vision.

While to very many of our readers Commissioner Cadman's personality is well known, yet to thousands of others the reverse is the case, and they have no clear idea of the kind of man who has been appointed to the charge of the Social Work, with details and illustrations of which our pages to-day abound. We, therefore, for the sake of our more numerous constituency, append here a slight sketch of him, with a brief outline of his remarkable career.

Converted at the age of twenty-one through listening to an open-air preacher, while passing through the Market Square of Rugby, on a Sunday afternoon, on his way to the fields for a boxing bout, with the boxing gloves under his arm and a gang of ungodly companions accompanying him, the man's whole nature, when he had shaken off the bondage of the devil and found peace with God, was turned in an opposite direction. As he himself says, "At one time I was red-hot in the devil's service and now I'm red-hot in God's." It is this

"Red-Hot" Characteristic

which has enabled him to accomplish so much for God and souls. Whatever his hand finds to do he does it with his might. It seems impossible for him to do anything in a half-hearted or indifferent manner. He has had many a difficult problem to solve in the course of a long and useful career, and has seldom failed to find a "way out." He has held some of the most important and difficult positions in The Salvation Army.

Having had absolutely no education, he, at the period of his conversion, was not able to read a single letter of the alphabet, but, by dint of strenuous efforts, he has taught himself, not only the alphabet, but a thousand other things relating to the problems of life and their solution, that many a highly educated man knows nothing of. He has had wide experience of all sorts and conditions of men, and held for eight years one of the most important organizing positions of The Salvation Army. In fact, it looks as if he had, by God's good providence, been

Passed through the Mill

which would enable him to fill with efficiency the responsible and important position he now occupies.

Physically, like Zaccheus, he is "small of stature," but large of brain and heart, and although he has been "in perils oft, and labors more abundant," yet his eye has not grown dim, nor his natural force abated—at least appreciably. Those who know him best believe in him and his integrity most.

Such in brief and barest outline, is the man who to-day is in charge of a scheme, destined not only to fill the earth with its fame—that it has already done—but to work a peaceful and beneficent revolution wherever it extends. But to our interview:—

"Well, Commissioner," we said, dropping in upon him the other day, "how is the Social Scheme progressing?"

"Oh, it's on the wing—flying," was his characteristic retort. "The mercy of God is swifter than lightning, and can lift even the submerged from the black jungles of despair to the paradise of God."

"Can you tell the readers of the Cry something of the operations of the scheme, and of your conviction, after the experience you have had, of its workability and practicability?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! Fire away, ask me what you like—what you want to know," said the Commissioner, throwing himself back in his chair.

"To begin at the beginning. I believe you have had considerable experience in dealing with the submerged classes, have you not?"

"Yes, I have; I was one of the submerged myself—fatherless, motherless and friendless in the world—a slave to drink, sin and the devil; but from the moment

Jesus Christ set Me Free

I partook of His spirit, gave myself up to the salvation of the masses; and plans and purposes to accomplish this were my one study. I became His ambassador, and, filled with His power, clothed in His armor, I went forth to the brink of hell and cried aloud to the despairing souls, 'There is hope!' I gave my own experience and pointed them to the Lamb of God, and I have seen many thousands of the poor slaves of the devil escape to Christ for refuge. The only remedy to heal the sorrows and broken hearts of humanity is Christ."

"You are aware, of course, there is a widespread feeling, even in quarters where one would the least expect it, that these lost and fallen ones are irreclaimable and irredeemable?"

"Yes, the people who urge this are of the same spirit as the Jews of old, who did not believe there was any mercy for the Samaritans, but in fact Samaria received Christ, when once they knew Him, with open heart, and so it is and will be with the submerged."

The promises made by the General in the book, I am quite certain, will be literally fulfilled, and are being every day, and although we have only been in practical working order a few months, the results are marvellous, as the facts and figures given in your forthcoming Darkest England Cry will demonstrate."

"What have you actually accomplished, say in the Food and Shelter Depots, which I believe are the first plank in your City Colony?"

"Yes, you are quite right—the Food and Shelter Depot is the first plank. For the figures and what has been done I must refer your readers to the article headed, 'The City Colony.' There they will see the vast work already accomplished, taking only the limited period of the first three months of this year; as for the class of men we alone reach, that will be made quite manifest by the other reports. We have

Fed Hundreds of Thousands,

we have sheltered tens of thousands, hundreds of conversions have taken place, and hundreds have gone to permanent situations. We are launching out still further in East London by opening another large Food Depot and Metropole in Bethnal Green.

These facts refer only to London, but we are opening at Leeds in about a fortnight. This will be a Food Depot, Shelter and Elevator combined, and in a few weeks later we open a similar place at Bradford. At Bristol we have taken a very large building, the front portion of which is a coffee palace. We opened this on Monday morning, the 11th inst., and continue the present business until necessary alterations and adaptations are made, which will be shortly. This will combine Food and Shelter, Metropole and Elevator."

"Are your poor men's hotels—or, as The General calls them, 'Metropoles'—as successful as you anticipated?"

"Yes, above and beyond all expectation. They are crowded out every night, and during the day it does one's soul good to see—especially in Drury Lane—the poor that crowd for food, and the meetings held in these places are most successful. When our men reach these Metropoles they feel they are on the highway to respectability and prosperity once again."

"Does your central labor bureau meet to any adequate extent the necessities of the unemployed?"

"Well, we have set considerable numbers to work, as you will see by the articles before referred to, but not nearly so large a number as we could if more employers of labor would make application to us. Speaking of the Labor Bureau, I should like to mention that I have an officer who is now busily engaged in endeavoring to register unemployed labor throughout the country by means of local agents. When this scheme is perfected we shall at a moment's notice be able to place our hands upon all the unemployed in a district in any particular trade. 'In this way,' as The General says, 'we should become the universal intermediary between those who have no employment and those who want workers.'"

"Exactly, capital! Talking of workmen, how do your factories—I beg pardon, your Elevators—succeed?"

"Splendidly!" enthusiasticly cried the Commissioner, "splendidly! We can turn out manufactures equal to any house.

Look at These Brushes.

We have all trades represented, mat-makers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, painters, basket makers, wire-workers, blacksmiths, engineers, and actually we have blind men engaged in wood-chopping, and they are getting on well. As for what the critics say about us not being able to get these men to work, if they saw them they would alter their opinions, as from the very moment they enter the Elevator they are dealt with in a kind but firm way by the officer that receives them and are set to their particular work with the understanding that they will get so much food for so much work. If they don't work, they don't eat. They receive their tickets every meal time, according to their work, and if they go short one meal, experience teaches us they will do better next time.

"Men who don't like work soon clear out, but there have been very few of them. We have three Elevators going at present—Hanbury Street, Old Street, and Fieldgate Street. By the way, when Old Street is finished, it will take London by storm. It will be the most gigantic labor colony of its kind, as well as food and shelter, in existence. There will be at least five hundred men engaged here, who will live, sleep, and work on the premises."

"What about your Prison Gate work?"

"I think the matter you have in hand for this 'Cry' will be the best answer to that. 'The Bridge' has been a great success, and has done, and is doing, a splendid work. I am now arranging for the opening of 'Bridge' No. 2. The necessities are very great. We find many magistrates, governors, and chaplains are taking a practical interest in this branch of our work, and as I went through two of our large jails, saw the cells, the condemned cells, the irons, the gallows, the graves, and hundreds of men now incarcerated, my heart went up to God for power to work out the deliverance of these captives."

"Can you give me any information as to your Emigration Department?"

"Yes, we have millions of acres of land placed at our disposal from all parts of the world. We have also a great many people who have made up their minds to go abroad writing us for information and guidance, which we gladly supply. It will be some time before our own emigrants are ready, as they will have to go through the Farm Colony first."

"What about your Salvage Brigade?"

"Headquarters made an offer yesterday for a very large property, where we shall be able to employ four or five hundred men and women, and as soon as this is secured

Our Salvage Work will Begin."

"When will operations commence on the Farm Colony?"

"Well, I am sending twenty men next week, that is, carpenters, etc., to commence operations. I have an order for the making of a hundred beds for the purposes of the farm."

"You evidently believe literally that 'all things are possible to him that believeth,' Commissioner," we suggested smilingly.

"*I know it*," was the emphatic response.

"About the Match Factory I need ask you very little, as the facts are so recent in the public mind, but I suppose you regard this as one of your most useful and striking developments, and as one fraught with far-reaching consequences so far as this industry is concerned?"

"Yes; we hope to revolutionise the trade by it, and, by the time this appears in your 'Cry,' we shall be in full swing, employing about one hundred hands, chiefly poor women, and I look upon this as only the seedling. We are already deluged with applications for the matches, but can only book orders at present, but, by the middle of next month, they'll go forth by the million as the "Lights in Darkest England."

"By the way, I see you have considerably increased your staff, Commissioner?"

"Yes, but not more than is absolutely necessary; indeed, for several important departments our great want still is competent men whose hearts are in their work."

As I rose to go, and gripped the hand of the man upon whose shoulders the supervision of these great efforts has fallen—the "Elijah" raised up by God from among the submerged themselves to help on their deliverance from the bondage which, like Moses of old, he had seen and experienced—the sky seemed to glow with a rosier dawn, and daybreak for those who had long sat in the valley and shadow of death, struck the hilltops with light—yes, with "The Light," the Sun of Righteousness, Whom men have obscured behind forms, and ceremonies, and creeds, but Whose rays are now penetrating the dark and dense jungles of "Darkest England," bringing "life and immortality to light through the Gospel." For our faith in the success of this scheme—General, Commissioner, and officers alike—is in the old Gospel.

"Tell them," said the Commissioner, as we parted, "that I still confess the same faith. I am determined to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He is the Physician for the world's woes, and until men yield their allegiance to Him, sin and misery will abound. It is only because this scheme helps men in this direction that we are so full of certainty and hope with regard to it."

As I made my way through the busy city, I saw it not, for before my eyes was another vision, a vision of the "new heaven and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

TEN DAYS AT DRESDEN.

I would like to give Jesus the glory for a measure of victory at Dresden.

Our meetings were well attended. The officers, soldiers, and friends treated us with great kindness. We were enabled to visit most of the soldiers and talk to them personally.

During the ten days we held twenty-two indoor meetings, six open-air meetings, and four cottage prayer meetings.

The fight was long and tough, but victory was ours.

Sunday night found

FIVE SOULS CRYING FOR MERCY.

Five others held up their hands, wishing to be specially prayed for. In the midst of all this, the electric light suddenly went out. A lamp was secured and the meeting continued.

One of the persons at the penitent-form got up and walked over to one of the soldiers and said, "As soon as I get money I will pay you for that axe I stole from you two years ago." The [illegible] gave him and said that [illegible] it was him. Practical [illegible]

Yours in the [illegible]

INDIAN TIT-BITS.

Very Interesting.

Swami Pillai, the Madras [illegible] Sergeant goes to his work [illegible] you ashamed of being [illegible] side?

There are five Tamil [illegible] among the 800,000 Tamils in the [illegible] Division. Four in Kelani Valley [illegible] one in Colombo, and one in [illegible] (These do not include the [illegible] District corps.)

One hundred and sixty-[illegible] number of soldiers enrolled at [illegible] corps one Sunday. Of these [illegible] are females, who regularly [illegible] meetings.

Lieut. Jivi, a Singhalese [illegible] from the hills again. In the [illegible] No. 1. on a recent Sunday [illegible] fied as follows,—"Jesus is [illegible] Saviour for me. My heart [illegible] milk. I beautiful saved." [illegible] Reader, have you proved Him [illegible] wonderful Saviour?

"I have got two wives [illegible] any objection to my being [illegible] asked one of the converts to [illegible] ago. "Yes," we said, "You [illegible] from one, and keep one only." [illegible] day he sent home the younger [illegible] parents, and gave her Rs. [illegible] port.

78 meetings held. 173 hours [illegible] visiting 485 houses, and 189 of these [illegible] in. 317 soldiers enrolled, [illegible] saved, is not such a bad record for [illegible] District (six corps) during [illegible]

Adjt. Dev Kumar recently had a [illegible] days' tour through the Kandy [illegible] jungles, holding fifteen meetings, [illegible] in thirty new soldiers, dedicating [illegible] children commissioning two new [illegible] walking sixty-five miles, riding [illegible] hundred and seeing souls saved and [illegible] iers encouraged in the bargain.

A backslidden Queen's soldier has been reclaimed in Bangalore. His father, mother, and the whole family (with one exception) are soldiers of the Chalk Farm corps London.

A considerable Language Boom is raging round Headquarters. One very distinguished member of the Staff is not content with Hindustani alone, but [illegible] Gujarati on alternate days; while [illegible] speaks of five or six hours per day as average. Keep at it, everybody.

There are 165 enrolled soldiers—[illegible] eight are females—in the Dhaban[illegible] corps. All just sworn-in.

The Chief Secretary somewhat [illegible] edly figured in the Anti-Opium meeting [illegible] the Framji Cowasji Hall the other [illegible] seconding one of the two resolutions [illegible] ed during the evening. I hear, too, [illegible] the Colonel has undertaken to get [illegible] petition, signed by smokers in the [illegible] dens, expressing their desire for [illegible] ance from the cursed habit, from [illegible] they admit they cannot abstain while [illegible] deadly drug is obtainable.

A series of drawing-room meetings [illegible] being held in and around Bombay. [illegible] has already been held, and in its [illegible] encourages Staff-Capt. Nur Masih to [illegible] llove for abundant blessing to [illegible] this new effort—blessing to those [illegible] ing them by conveying new spiritual [illegible] and power, and to our work by dispelling prejudice and spreading a true knowledge of our aims and methods.

Our comrades from the Central Provinces, Bro. and Sis. Proby, are doing [illegible] service in Bombay, attending our [illegible] ular meetings daily, and cheering [illegible] officers in charge by their presence [illegible] help. The junior members of their family also do their bit in helping to pull the chariot along with a minute zeal.

During the first four days the Bombay Labor Bureau registered 347 applicants for employment. The Madras branch [illegible] registered 406 up to the 11th instant. [illegible] are doing our utmost to find employment for all these people, and shall be thankful if employers will give us an opportunity of filling up their vacancies for any kind of labor.

Our Press is busy with a lot of work [illegible] denoting new effort and progress. [illegible] report forms connected with the [illegible] Work are in hand, which, when [illegible] will give complete information [illegible] this branch of our operations. [illegible] items of printing refer to the [illegible] Department. I see that a new [illegible] collecting card, illustrated [illegible] photographs, is being prepared [illegible] Auxiliary Department. Friends [illegible] ter write for one.

OUR NEW COMMISSIONER.

[We cull the following account of the life of Commissioner Rees from an old English Cry which appeared during the time he commanded the Southern Division of England. He then ranked as Major.]

FROM THE CRICKET CLUB TO THE SALVATION ARMY — IN THE BOATHOUSE — STOKE NEWINGTON — "DRUNKEN TIPPET" — LEEDS II.—FOURSCORE AND TWO—CATTRINGHAM—ATTERCLIFFE'S BRASS-HEADED NAILS—SCARBOROUGH—WHAT KNEE-DRILL SHOULD BE — HULL II. — SHEFFIELD II.—"AN AWFUL CARD"—NOTTS AND DERBY—THE SUNNY SOUTH.

"There's not much worthy of note in my life till I joined the Salvation Army. I'd pass in a crowd."

Major Rees says it, and I suppose most Salvation officers feel it, if the life before was not worth living then it is not worth talking about now. His twenty-three unsaved years were not black years as the world reckons. He has never tasted liquor or put pipe or cigar between his lips. He might very easily have passed for "a good young man," but for his sturdy uncompromising honesty.

"Be a Sunday School teacher?" "No! I need teaching myself," he answered once. "Join the Church?" "I'm not converted. You ought to be converted first," he answered to another visitation.

Nobody invited him to join the Salvation Army when it came to his home in Reading. But he went to see it at once. A sea-captain uncle had told him queer stories of its doings in Cardiff—how a little lassie had asked and received permission to hold a meeting on board his vessel before it went out the first time; how one of the crew got saved, as they called it, and lived such a life on board, that when he was drowned on the voyage to Gibraltar, no one could doubt that his life hereafter would be happy. A little red song-book had made its way to Reading, too, before any Army songsters came, and the bills of the opening were very interesting. Altogether, David Rees felt he "couldn't and he wouldn't stay away" from the first meeting in

The Old Reading Boathouse.

It was frightfully rough that Sunday morning, worse in the afternoon, and impossible to hold any meeting at night, since the building was not yet registered, and the police were therefore powerless. Further meetings were impossible until the queer old house was registered as a place of worship on the next Thursday.

Our comrade had a

Cricket Club Meeting

on hand Thursday night. He says, "I was in an awful hurry to get up to the boat-house and see what was going on. I got our meeting closed as quick as I could, and we all went down together. Not three of our gang but were saved within the next fortnight. Several of them are officers in the Salvation Army to-day; most of the rest are soldiers. The Spirit of God took hold of me that night, but I wouldn't go out to the penitent-form. I was self-willed then. I am now in one way. If I feel a thing is right, and God wants it done, the devil himself can't stop me from doing it!

"For ten days I hardly ate or slept. Mother wanted to have a doctor to me. I said, 'No.' I knew what I wanted. I believe the hand of the Lord was in it all. I tasted the wormwood and the gall in those ten days. When I was saved I knew it. I kept going to the meetings, and I asked advice of everyone—all the old spiritual cripples I could find. I prayed every night. No good. If I had been saved at home, I might have been one of these wax-doll Christians. God wanted to make me useful."

And at the end of the ten days, God conquered, and David Rees was saved at the penitent-form. Within forty-eight hours he was asked to go out as an officer. Over and over the call came; over and over he refused. He had a comfortable home; he was useful in the corps; above all, his mother needed him, for the only other child she could depend on was very wild, and very much opposed to his brother's Army work. But God's orders at last were too plain to be disobeyed, and when the young man "gave up finally," the brother almost immediately "got saved and took my place, both at home and as a soldier."

The road to the Field lay then through Devonshire House. During most of his stay there Major Rees was Cadet-Captain at Stoke Newington, where he gained much experience and won many souls. His first regular station was Leeds II. Among hundreds saved here was a man well known as

"Drunken Tippet."

"Another man met us one Sunday morning on the march. I had a great way of speaking to everybody as I go along.

"'Here you are, lads, come along this way!'

"I spoke to him, but he paid no attention and walked on. He went a mile and then turned around and had to come to the Hall. He got there and came out to the penitent form while we were singing the first hymn."

Cattringham

was his next station. "I don't know that there's been much difference in the work at my stations," says the Major, "God has always seemed to do real, solid, soul-saving work in them."

The first convert here was an old lady of eighty-two years. To-day, four years later, she is still to the fore as a soldier, found in the open-air, and walking a mile and a half to knee-drill. Three or four old women of more than eighty were active soldiers here.

At Attercliffe Capt. Rees opened a new barracks. His first greeting was given by a brick on his head, flung by some man who had been an admirer of "the last Captain," and didn't wish to see a new one in the barracks he had worked to get! His feeling was shared by some hundreds of roughs, who made it impossible to hold any meeting that night.

"Give me a month, lads!" was all Capt. Rees had to say, when the brick would let him speak, "then, if you don't like me, I'll give you leave to drum me out of town."

On Sunday night he had a meeting with seven souls at the penitent-form, and for the "wind-up" another brick, which prevented him walking home. On Monday The General opened the barracks with very good order. The week after one of the godly soldiers died. His death and "real Army funeral" did much good. Sixteen souls were saved the day he was buried, and the work went steadily on.

"If you go to Attercliffe," advises the Major, "ask for

The Brass-headed Nails.

Anyone will show them to you in the porch. They denote two wonderful conversions. One was that of a chap who drank terribly. His wife was a soldier, and he used to come to the barracks and got convicted. One night he felt so bad, he started to go out. God stopped him right in the porch, and he couldn't get either way, out or in. It's true! There he was. We buttonholed him and got him saved there in the porch. Then he came in to the penitent-form, and the Soldiers stuck the brass-headed nail into the penitent-form in memory of that night's battle."

Scarborough

gave him six months' "blessed work," from January to June, when visitors are none, and the town has leisure to listen to its officer. He says, "Then I visited everybody. I used to go with our chaps as they were going out, and pray with and cheer up their wives and families. Times were hard, and they needed a lot of cheering. The Holiness work here was beautiful. We had a special one on Wednesday afternoon. There's a great deal in fitting your day for Holiness Meeting to your town, and in going in with prayer. I scarcely ever remember going into a Holiness Meeting without two or three hours of prayer. I never visited after

Four o'clock on Fridays.

Just came straight home and had tea, and shut myself alone with God, and wouldn't see a soul.

"Scarboro' Knee-drill always averaged two or three hundred. We tried to make it the best meeting of the day. I reckon if we fail at Knee-drill we fail all day. It's such a chance for Soldiers to get on. It's all very well to be powerful as an organization, but let's go in for being powerful as individuals for having a personal knowledge of God."

Hull II.

showed him a very intelligent and respectable corps with "the editors of newspapers, and that among the soldiers," and a barracks so situated that it was "hard work to reach the lowest," but he spent "a blessed seven months" there before finishing his career as a field-officer at

Sheffield IV.

The new officers here had seventy-eight souls in the first ten days. In Christmas week Capt. Rees had several holiness meetings, which were wonderfully blessed to the soldiers. True to his theory that if soldiers are blessed they will bless other people, a glorious outpouring of God's spirit convicting and converting sinners was the result.

Just before this, the wife of one of the sergeants, prayed for for seventeen years, yielded at last. Over seventy and eighty were at the penitent form. For weeks they never saw less than thirty or forty. Among them were all sorts of remarkable cases. One is described as "Such an awful card!" She was a woman who, as the corps went singing and playing down the street on Christmas Eve, ran, in a fearful state of intoxication, out of a public-house and hung on the Captain's arm. She was mad with drink. He sent two sisters to take her home, and visited her himself next day. "She wasn't a soldier yet, but I believed she would be." Another sister lent her some decent clothes to come to the meetings, and she got thoroughly saved. She used to say in testifying,

"I've no occasion to tell you what I was like before I was saved. You all know that, don't you? And now, thank God, you can all see the blessed change."

"Here, I was married," says Major Rees. "Anything interesting about the wedding? Yes, very. There were fifty souls out for holiness and salvation that day. The Derby Division had just been annexed to Yorkshire, and I was sent from Sheffield to take charge of it. I loved the field, but I felt I was going where God wanted me, and I made up my mind to be used of Him in helping the officers. I took them just as I had my soldiers. I never can write a business letter without saying something of God and their souls in it.

I think

Visiting

has been my specialty. I have always felt I could do more good by that than in any other way. I dare say I have visited more than any other one person in the Salvation Army. When I was in the field I always reckoned to visit and pray with every soldier once a week; and since, I have reckoned to visit my officers as much as I did my soldiers. I believe in visiting—not in gossiping; in visiting—not in going out to tea! Three minutes is long enough to allow to a house, under ordinary circumstances. That gives you time to go in and say, 'How are you?' so if they're in any trouble they'll tell you, and you have a chance to help and to ask how they are getting on in their souls. The way they will answer that will show if they need any spiritual help. If not, just pray, and ask if they'll be at the meeting to-night. In nine cases out of ten they'll be there.

"Scores of backsliders could be stopped by just a word let fall in time in a visit. I've gone in so often at what proved to be just the right time—when a drunken husband had been specially unkind, or just when someone was getting discouraged. We've learned the way to get people, now God holds us responsible for learning the way to keep them. I have always looked after my soldiers first—keeping what I had got; and I have always found that as long as you look after the soldiers they will look after their neighbours—they're on their hearts, and they'll say, 'Captain, just come in and say a word to the man next door, will you?' Then you have your introduction, all ready.

"Yes, some people must always be nursed." Just remember the awful circumstances out of which many of our soldiers still live after they are saved—drunken husbands, wicked wives, unsaved parents, always at them. Then there's something in human nature which longs to be cared for, which loves to feel that someone looks out for it and takes an interest in it.

"We have plenty of time for this work if we have enough

System

The officer who told you it took her an hour or two to make out her report and look after books knew it was unnecessary. On the other hand, the man who said, 'No Army officer, who does his duty by his people, can have an hour a day to himself for Bible and prayer,' knew it was not true. My people always knew the time of day I would be out as well as if I were the letter-carrier! You save time by mapping out your town. Have a book of streets in their order—a leaf to each street and the soldiers' names on each leaf."

After fourteen months over the Derby District, Major Rees took charge of the Southern Division. He reports:—

"God is wonderfully working. Souls are being saved all over. In Portsmouth, a few days ago, I had seventeen souls out on Sunday night during the first meeting, and five on Monday night. I love the division. If I consulted my own feelings, it would hurt me very much to leave it; but I thank God my feelings are brought into subjection, and I can put them entirely on one side for His work."

In September, '86, Major Rees took charge of the Manchester and Liverpool Division, where for two years he had great success. In the Division, there were about 150 officers and 60 stations. He was promoted to the rank of Colonel. He was then appointed to the London and Central Division, a very important command, where he stayed for a year, having to rest on account of sickness. Over a year ago, he was appointed to the command of Scotland, where he had great success. A few weeks ago, he was appointed Field Secretary for Great Britain and Ireland, an appointment which has been cut very short by his coming over to command the Canadian forces as its Commissioner.

A LETTER FROM CHARLOTTETOWN.

DEAR WAR CRY,—I generally write about something to you, which I have seen with my eyes, or heard with my ears, concerning the S. A. war in Charlottetown. Now, however, it is different, and I can only write to you of what is reported to me.

During the past four weeks, I have been day and night nursing a dear niece 15 years of age,

WHO IS SERIOUSLY ILL,

and therefore I am entirely debarred from the great privilege of attending any Army meetings. However, it is all right. "In doing and bearing the will of my Lord, I still am preparing to meet my reward." The Lord keeps me by His Almighty power blessedly saved and more than ever deeply interested in the great organization to which I belong. I take a deeper interest than ever in the prosperity of our corps, and I lose no time in letting you know that, on a recent Sunday, in the night meeting,

FIVE YOUNG MEN VOLUNTEERED

out to the penitent-form, there to seek pardon for the past, and surrendering themselves to God, obtain grace to lead a new life of obedience to God and faith in Christ their Saviour.

I make frequent enquiries as to how they are getting on in the Divine life, and am glad to hear that they are doing well and testifying in the meetings, and I am believing that, led by the Holy Spirit, I shall soon hear of their joining our ranks and becoming out and out soldiers of the corps in the great Salvation Army.

On the following Monday evening, another brother came forward and sought the Lord.

We have lately had a very nice addition to our corps. A young lady, a special friend of mine, who had been greatly benefitted and blessed in the Army meetings, thought she could not do better than

CAST IN HER LOT WITH US,

and has become a soldier.

For my own part, I greatly need the prayers of all my comrades while passing through a series of trials. If, as I have heard it said, tribulation is one trial on top of another, then I am passing through tribulation. Praise the Lord! How comforting it is to know, that those who now stand before the Throne of God and the Lamb, "have gone up out of great tribulation." They now read the mystery aright in the full sunshine of His love.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain,
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

In full belief of this, yours to do or to suffer.
MARY F. ELLIS.

ing to find enjoyment on the old homestead, etc., but my mind was unsettled, and in a few months I was off again. This time I shipped to Swansea, Wales.

We were not at sea very many days before I found out I had struck, for captain and first mate, two tyrants. It was a very miserable trip to most of the crew, the weather was most severe. We were beaten with heavy sticks until we were unable to attend to our duties. We at last reached port. Four of us ran away. We were caught by the authorities and sold back to our captain for two pounds. We were handcuffed and marched through the streets from the jail to the ship with our mattresses tied on our backs. We were placed in the hold of the ship and were almost suffocated with gas and steam. After being at sea about two days we were released. The rest of that trip to the Mediterranean, and from thence to Russia we we barbarously treated, and at the end received no pay.

I was ashamed to let my folks know my circumstances. I had no money, so shipped as soon as possible with another ship for a prolonged journey. We started for France, thence to Wales and the Mediterranean, and then to Leith, Scotland. This trip was better for usage, but I had got so that I was never contented with my lot, so I ran away

AND KEPT UNDER COVER

at the boarding house, while my boarding master sought me another vessel. It was a Greek ship, and in a day or so I was off for Sicily, an island belonging to Italy, close by its coast. Drinking and swearing was as much engaged in on these trips as ever before.

I remember on one occasion my whiskey ran out, and I could not get any, and for a few days, when I longed for a drop, I tried to content myself with putting the empty bottle to my nose, having a good smell. We shipped for Greece, and thence to Constantinople, Turkey. I left the ship and went in for a high old time with sailors of every nationality. After a rough time, I shipped on a steamboat bound for Antwerp, Belgium; thence to North Shields, Eng.; thence to the Baltic Sea, and back to England.

After a short stay, seeking enjoyment, I shipped on a merchant ship to Java, and returned to Greenock, Scotland, at which place I resolved to settle down, only making one trip in three years, and that to Java. I have reasons never to forget that trip. All went well for a while, until the crew began to drink heavier than usual, and were soon

IN A SAVAGE, FIGHTING CONDITION.

We fought first among ourselves, then with the officers of the ship, which of course caused a regular mutiny. We refused to obey orders and attend to duties. On one occasion, when about to strike one of the officers, I was felled to the deck with an iron-bound block, with which I was struck across the eye. I was senseless for some time. Things quieted down after that, but on the return trip I was again assaulted with a block, which struck me about a half inch below where the first did. I bear the two ugly scars to this day.

Immediately on my arrival at Greenock, I arranged to sail to California. The passage was very rough and

LASTED 144 DAYS.

We landed at San Diego about the time the gold fever broke out. We were then off to the Puget Sound and Washington Territory, all the time drinking, fighting, and revelling. I soon had enough of the Yankees, and sailed for Nanaimo, B. C. I liked Canada, so quit the sea, my mind being made up to compass land, for pleasure and sport, as I never found a lasting satisfaction while on the water, and visited about twenty different countries, and enjoyed the company of as many different nationalities. I went to work in the coal mines. I drank as usual, and, Nanaimo not being a very large place, I was soon known by all as "drunken Scotty," as I could be seen, when not working, rambling down the street, staggering, and people making way for me. I would never think of going to church, as I had only visited one in Glasgow during all my time at sea. Shortly after my arrival at Nanaimo, I

SAW THE SALVATION ARMY.

I had seen and heard them before in different parts of Scotland and England, though I never attended one of their meetings. At this time a chum of mine began to go to the Army, and coaxed me to go along, just for fun. I never forget how I laughed to see girls in charge of a meeting. I thought, after all, I had struck a place where a fellow could have a good time, so I went again and again, and finally became a regular attendant. I used to like them, and help them all I could financially, but when drunk, I used to like to have things a little my own way, and so began to disturb the meeting. One night, after a whole day's spree, I entered the barracks, when someone said,

"NOW THERE'LL BE SOME FUN,

here comes Drunken Scotty." So I began to find fault with everybody and everything, thinking everybody else was drunk but myself. I so disturbed the meeting, that I was arrested, and in the morning I was found guilty of disturbing religious services, and bound over to keep the peace for six months, or forfeit thirty dollars. I made up my mind I would never enter a Salvation Army meeting again as long as I lived, and to keep my vow. I determined again to go to sea. So I left mining, and went on a pilot boat, and stayed a year, and never went near a Salvationist, but though I have seen years of sin and wretchedness and dissatisfaction before, this was in reality

THE MOST MISERABLE

year I ever experienced. I was convicted, and tried to drown my convictions by drinking harder and harder, still I found no peace.

One Sunday morning the wind was blowing very hard, so we had to go ashore. We had no sooner landed, than I was off to get drink, though I fully intended to keep sober. I was soon drunk, and while in this condition I went to the S. A. meeting. I sat very quiet, but I was so full, I could not realize what was being said. Still, I felt something telling me I wasn't right. I came again in the afternoon, and was put out. I then drank all day and all night, and in the morning I was most miserable, and more than ever convicted. I felt that the time had come when I had to yield to the strivings of God's Spirit. So I waited patiently all day for the night's meeting, but to my sorrow, it was a special soldiers' meeting. I

HUNG AROUND THE BARRACKS' DOOR

towards evening, waiting for some of the soldiers or officers to talk to me. When the time came for the meeting to begin, I spoke to a soldier and told him just how I felt, but he knew "Drunken Scotty" and seemed to have no faith in me, and gave me no encouragement. I wanted him to take me in, but he refused, so I asked him to send the Captain out, and when she—Capt. Aikenhead—came out and looked at me, she turned to one of the soldiers and said, "He's intoxicated." I said "Yes," and tears began to flow down my cheeks. She asked me if I was willing to get saved, and I said "Yes." So I was admitted, and as soon as I got in, my knees began to tremble. So I got down, and the first time in my life

I CRIED FOR MERCY.

I was so broken up I could not realise what was taking place, but I soon sobered up. I pleaded for pardon, and soon found Jesus, whom I had heard so much about. I went home hardly realizing it, but in the morning I experienced the new birth. It seemed the whole town was moved at Drunken Scotty's conversion. I became a soldier, and drew ninety dollars which I had saved, and paid all my whiskey bills. I soon began to sell WAR CRYS, and the people would buy them for the novelty of the thing. After eight months' soldiership, I distinctly heard God's call for the field, so I soon volunteered, was accepted, and came to the Yorkville T. H., then to the Temple Garrison, and am now Lieut. at London, Ont., fully assured God's grace will be sufficient in this great warfare. Amen.

Under Canvas in Toronto.

CAMP GROUNDS, RIVERSIDE CORPS.

DEAR EDITOR,—I suppose that I got a little bit left in my calculation re WAR CRY Competition. However, we are not going to be discouraged by one failure, and our friends at Lippincott will have to move if they keep the advantage they have secured.

God is still helping us in a wonderful manner, and

THE TIDE OF VICTORY

that has been running so strong in our favour still continues to flow in the same direction.

Our tent, which we have secured for the summer, is the interesting feature just now.

Our meetings have not yet passed beyond the experimental stage, but we trust that this new departure will enable us to hold our crowds in some measure during the summer months, and that our efforts will be rewarded by seeing the lost saved. They are coming, bless His Name, and not a week has yet passed by this year without someone seeking Christ.

Death has invaded our ranks, and Brother Robinson

HAS RECEIVED THE SUMMONS

to come up higher. Years of patient suffering have, by this time, been rewarded by the joy of being with Jesus and seeing Him as He is. We have held his memorial service and his dear wife and son came to the Saviour during the meeting.

Brigadier Margetts has spent a Sunday with us. Perhaps he will tell you about it himself. The Juniors war, I believe, is making favorable progress. The children now use the barracks for a Juniors' department, and the band also practice in the same place.

Next Sunday, we commemorate the eighth anniversary of the Army's entry into Riverside. Who will try to sum up the amount of good that has been accomplished in that time?

WHAT A LONG RECORD

it would make. The souls that have been saved, the wounded hearts that have been bound up, the number that have been cheered and helped, all these would have to appear, and again I say, what a long record it would make.

It shall not end with our Eighth Anniversary either, for we are determined to work on till the lost, dying souls are brought to the feet of the Redeemer. Good-bye. God bless you. Yours and His, GREOW.

War Notes.

BY WAR SCRIBE.

The Big Meetings.

More about them next week.

Commissioner and Mrs. Adams' little baby boy has gone to heaven.

Commissioner Adams has farewelled.

Commissioner Rees has been welcomed.

Look at their photos in this issue.

Colonel Pollard's career appears in this CRY.

Read the account of "Paul, the Russian," on page 1.

Don't fail to note the first and succeeding chapters of "Holy Ann," as appearing in future issues.

Adjts. Leonard and Walder, and Capt. Connett formed the S.A. deputation to wait upon Sir John A. Macdonald in connection with the Prohibition Petitions.

The following we clip from the Ottawa *Journal* in reference thereto:—

"ONE OF THE BIGGEST DEVILS.—Adjt. Walder put in a powerful plea on behalf of the poorer classes of the community, amongst whom the Salvation Army do their work, pointing out that nearly all the misery with which they came in contact was the direct result of strong drink, or, as he characteristically said, "Drink is one of the biggest devils we have to fight." His address, while very modestly delivered, was not surpassed by any in eloquence or force."

Capt. Cardiff has been very sick. Pray for his restoration.

D.O. and Mrs. McIntyre rejoice over the arrival of a little lass.

A dear old gray-headed man got saved in an open-air ring in B. recently.

At a "Pound" meeting recently held in the Temple, Toronto, a bag of potatoes, a frosted cake ornamented with 5 cent pieces, three pounds of coppers, and one pound of 5 cent pieces were among the good things the soldiers and friends brought.

I cull the following from the *Dufferin Post*, a paper published in Orangeville:—

"The Salvation Army is having a grand old time in the Forks. There is a large crowd every evening they preach. Next Sunday they intend having a big time. They are to have a big drum by that time, and are going to drive the old Nick out of this place. They have quite a few converts now. I think by the way the Captain swings his arms around he would not be afraid to face John L. for a round. He makes the boys keep good order."

It is a fool's prayer, when a man on a sick bed says, "Lord, spare me, and I will serve Thee." The devil is able to play his game well, but you are not able to play with him without loss.

Two drunks recently knelt at the drum head in an open-air ring at Hamilton.

The Editor wants Nos. 209 to 260, inclusive, of the WAR CRY. Who'll send them along?

He would also be pleased if some friend would send him No. 736 of the English "Cry."

I believe there are to be big Camp Meetings held in the Exhibition Grounds, at Peterboro, led by D. O. and Mrs. Beatty, from June 13th to 21st. It will be a big time.

Camp Meetings are also to be held at Corbet's Point, from June 27th to July 5th.

A most successful Three Days' Campaign has been held at London, Ont. Read the the account of it in this issue,

Lots of stirring news in next week's WAR CRY.

CLEAR SPECTACLES.

A sister at B——, for some time after her conversion, would stand at her door on Sunday evenings, while her husband was gone to the barracks, and read tales from the newspapers. However, one night while thus engaged, the type appeared all confused, as if upside down. She then rubbed her spectacles, but this failing, she went inside and pulled down a Bible and commenced to read a chapter, and she did so quite easily. Being anxious to resume her story, she closed the Bible and returned it to the shelf, and proceeded to the door with the newspaper, satisfied that the cause of her difficulty had disappeared, but to her amazement the print seemed all confused, and then she felt she was doing wrong, and went in and read a chapter and thanked God for the way He had spoken to her.

COLONEL POLLARD.

HIS CAREER.

[As Colonel Pollard is now in our midst on important Army business, we feel sure that our readers will be interested in perusing his picture and a short sketch of his career.—ED.]

Colonel Pollard's birth [illegible] 1863, so that now he is [illegible] years of age. His first religious impressions were the result of the kind advice of a Sunday school teacher; but his self-[illegible] to be good could not stand before the subtle delights of sport or novel-reading, so that he was well in need of salvation when brought to face the question in a meeting in Peckham.

He woke up all round after [illegible] and at one of Mr. Bramwell Booth's [illegible] chapel holiness meetings, he consecrated himself to God for service. On the [illegible] of September, 1881, he entered the Training Home as a Cadet. His British career includes Portadown (Ireland), New [illegible] and Marylebone; then, after holding [illegible] the Congress Hall a few weeks, he received the colours of the first New Zealand corps, with orders to proceed and do his best for God in that, to him, unknown land. We need not recapitulate the story of the victories of the famous "beardless boys" in Maoriland. Starting on April 1, [illegible], in Dunedin, the work rolled on at an incredible rate, until when he left, after about two years and six months' fighting, nearly every town of any size in the country had been attacked, and a wonderfully strong fighting force of soldiers had been raised up.

While in New Zealand he was promoted to the rank of Major, and another officer was commissioned in England to come to his side as perpetual A.D.C.

Major and Mrs. Pollard were welcomed to the charge of New South Wales in the old Sydney barracks on November 11, [illegible].

His success in the mother colony was such that when, after two years' fighting there, he was called to Headquarters, and appointed Chief Secretary by the General, the work in the colony of New South Wales had grown to such proportions that it was found necessary to immediately divide it into three separate divisions instead of one.

In his capacity of Chief Secretary, he has frequently visited all the colonies, has represented the Commissioner at the London Headquarters, and was regent in the interval between the departure of Commissioner Howard and the arrival of Commissioner Coombs, besides doing an incalculable amount of behind-the-scenes work. But God has been with him in all he has undertaken, and he goes to his new appointment with the confidence and esteem of the General and the Commissioners under whom he has served, and the unbounded love and respect of Australian Salvationists everywhere.

He now acts as Secretary for International affairs under Mr. Bramwell Booth, Chief of the Staff, London, Eng., and is now in the Dominion on important business.

MRS. POLLARD.

A Soul Story of the Open Air.

We take the following interesting story from Commissioner Ballington Booth's new book, "From Ocean to Ocean." It will, we are sure, appeal strongly to many sinners, and will certainly encourage many an officer who does not see as much visible result of his work as he would like:

"Trained from my childhood to regard God and the church with reverence, yet the Christian life was not presented to my mind as the most necessary and indispensible thing in the world, and church service and attendance were irksome.

"As I grew from girlhood to womanhood, no defined future unfolded itself to me, and my whole restless nature felt somehow the lack of the necessary elements to give my life form and shape.

"Living among and associating with a circle of people who were particularly formal and orthodox, I soon learned to repress everything unconventional, and speedily had serious and decided misgivings about anything which was at all uncommon or singular. I went to church because 'everybody else' went to church, and the same principle guided me in other details of life.

"At the close of a hard winter of study, I went to some friends in a little country town to regain energy and strength. And while thus pausing, like a boat that drops anchor for a moment in the midst of the current which is bearing it onward, I met the Salvation Army. I knew nothing of its work of raising the fallen, and if I had it might not have specially interested me; for in my mind the fallen were only necessary evils, between them and myself I put too great a distance. Though living in or near a large New England city, where I had plenty of opportunity to see the effects of sin and neglect, yet

The Desire to Help

my fellow creatures had never been kindled, and I had far deeper sympathy for afflicted and ill-treated animals than for the sin-stricken human beings whom I sometimes saw reeling down the streets. Those created keen indignation and interest, these simply disgust and contempt.

"Near the house where I stayed was a square where the Army held its open-air meetings. For several days I stifled all desire to go and listen to them, and indeed was rather ashamed of such a 'vulgar curiosity.' It seemed to me almost as bad as standing on a corner to watch a passing circus.

"Wet or fine, they were there, sometimes marching in the pouring rain. And the nightly increasing crowd so stimulated my curiosity that I eventually joined a neighbor in her doorway, just opposite the point of interest. But even this failed to satisfy me. Then I wanted to hear what they said. There must be something unusual that could draw and hold such a large throng, for I had often seen the square quite filled with people—not a few of whom it had given me a moral shock to see on the outskirts of a 'street crowd.'

"I finally crept from the doorstep to the edge of the most respectable corner of the crowd to hear the little lass officer, whose sweet singing had attracted and interested me. I shall never forget the amazement with which I saw her

Kneel Upon the Ground

to pray, and I thought some friend ought at once to warn her of the carelessness and indiscretion of such a procedure. Why, she might catch her death of cold! I thought she could not surely have meant to kneel down upon the ground, especially after a heavy rain, and I felt she must have forgotten her surroundings in her earnestness.

"On reaching home I felt I had committed a serious breach of propriety in allowing myself to stand with such a crowd and listen to people who I thought were there only to meet the needs of the low and depraved. But withal I was conscious of a guilty secret longing to hear her again, and wondered if other respectable people who had heard them had a similar temptation.

"The fact that what they said fitted me as well as the rough, unkempt crowd around them, gave me

An unpleasant Sense

of humiliation. I had all through life held myself above such people, and had so often contemptuously drawn my dress aside, that I indignantly repelled the idea of any needs and feelings in common with them.

"Not long afterwards, well fortified by a number of conservative, reputable friends, I attended my first meeting in a Salvation Army barracks. It was a fine-sized hall and was over-filled with a perfect medley of people, representing almost every grade in the social scale. A friend pointed out the most notorious individuals who had been reformed by the Army. During the service, and while the testimonies were being given, an old man arose whose peculiarly bright face attracted my attention. I turned to my friend and said, 'That individual, at any rate, has never been a bad man. You can tell by his face!' She smiled and said, 'Why!

Don't You Remember Old Andy?'

Suddenly the remembrance of a miserable, besotted drunkard, from whom we when children used to run, and who was the bogey of our childhood's nightmares and the pest of the town, dawned upon my mind.

"I noticed very little more in that meeting. My mind seemed incapable of grasping the change wrought in that man. As we threaded our way along the streets homeward, beneath the tide of talk and exchange of opinion ran an undercurrent of wonder and bewilderment at the remarkable change in that man's life, which resolved itself into a feeling of dissatisfaction and inferiority. Irritated and annoyed, I tried to throw this feeling off, but the more I tried the clearer the comparison between his life and mine stood out, and I was reluctantly forced to acknowledge that even 'old Andy' was on

A Higher Plane of Life

th n I. He, once the worst person of whom I could think, was now more useful and of more value in the world. 'This will not do,' I thought. From that night I commenced to read my Bible regularly, and strove to pray morning and night.

"As often as I could persuade some person to accompany me, I attended the Army meetings, but these again only deepened the strong restless feeling, and added to the burden I carried—the two most wretched and restless weeks of my life. Oh, the inexpressible weight of conviction! Nothing that I did seemed to bring any relief. Night after night I re-lived the wasted and selfish years stretching from childhood—reviewed for the first time squarely and honestly. This could not continue long. But just then my visit to another Army meeting brought the first ray of light into the gloom. Wretched, miserable, knowing neither what to do nor what I needed, I heard the sweet-faced officer in her earnest invitation quote this verse:—

"Do not wait for further urging,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness Christ requireth
Is to feel your need of Him."

"Then I saw it—saw what I wanted. Had I not for weeks been unconsciously trying to fit myself to approach Him? With a flood of feeling that I could scarcely control or conceal, the tears rushed to my eyes. *Ah, did I not feel it?* Feel my need of Him. Had she any necessity to remind me of it? Had I not night and day been vaguely reaching out my hand for something to meet that terrible need and to lift me out of myself?

"Longing for help which I could not frame in words to anyone, I sought this girl officer, and contrived to take a walk with her. As I had hoped, she immediately asked me about my soul, and a very few words showed her my state of conviction. She drew out my heart with all its anxiety and burden, and when I said to her, "What can I do? What should I do?" she said: 'Have you told the Lord about it?" and with wonder I replied: 'How shall I tell Him—what shall I say?' and she answered: Just what you told me, and as you have told me.'

"That night I made up my mind to settle the question. I closed and locked my door and paced the room, looking in vain for softening of my hard heart. Hours passed—hours of darkness and genuine distress. I heard one after the other of the family go to their rooms; the sound of wheels and footsteps grew less and less frequent in the streets, until all was quiet and still I was pacing the floor with a heart that seemed as unyielding and as hard as adamant.

'Then came the terrible thought that perhaps I was past all feeling, and

Trifled Away My Last Chance.

An uncontrollable torrent of despair rolled over me and seemed almost to overwhelm me. I threw myself on my knees. I wept bitter tears. Then came the precious words to memory: 'The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost;' and again the words: 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' I stepped out upon this promise, and threw myself upon the mercy of God.

"A feeling that I had found something satisfying filled my soul with contentment. Worn out in body, I arose and laid down to rest, slept soundly and awoke to realise that I was a new creature in Christ. All that day I was trying to measure the exceeding happiness that was filling my heart. Even the faces around me seemed to reflect my own joy, while the trees, flowers, and sky, seeming to understand and sympathize with the change, looked their brightest.

• • •

"That day witnessed the upspringing of a new love—a love for my lost brothers and sisters. It opened my eyes to see the debt I owed them, and my Saviour has since lifted me with a sure and firm hand to the platform of usefulness and service in the Salvation Army, where I can best help to save them."

COMMISSIONER T. H. ADAMS.

THE FIELD SECRETARY

Spends a Week-end at Hamilton.

ON THE LAKE—A PLESANT SAIL—WONDERFUL OPEN-AIR—THE BRIGADIER AND HIS SONGSTERS—NUMBER TWO—LARGE CROWDS—A HARD FOUGHT BATTLE—MEETING IN THE P. G. HOME.

As had been announced in the WAR CRY, Brigadier and Mrs. Holland spent a most enjoyable time in Hamilton on Saturday and Sunday, May 30th and 31st. They were not alone however, for the Brigadier had made up his mind not only to have a good time, but also to give the devil a good drubbing, and free some of the captives who were so tightly bound by his chains. A

"SINGING TROUPE"

was hastily organized for this occasion, composed of five lassies and four lads of the Headquarters' Staff. Quite a collection of choruses and solos were arranged by the Brigadier, which, when being sung, charmed the hearts of the audience.

The lads and lassies of the Company took the 11 a.m. boat, while Brig. and Mrs. Holland follow by the afternoon train. The trip on the lake was a most enjoyable one and was accomplished without a single mishap. The dread *mal de mer* was nowhere to be seen, as the lake was very smooth, and the good *Macassa* plowed through the waters in great style. After a delightful sail of about three hours, we arrived at the wharf in Hamilton. Capts. Hunter, Pink, and Desson, were there, and safely conducted us to our billets.

The writer, with G. W., had the privilege of dining in

THE P. G. HOME,

and the sight and taste of that snowy white *home made* bread is still fresh in our memories.

After dinner, Capt. Desson piloted us through the Home, and we were delighted with the place. The rooms are spacious and airy, and if they were only f[illegible]shed, could accommodate a larger n[illegible]r of men. By the way, Capts. Desson and Knowsley are praying and believing that some of our kind friends will send along enough furniture, in the shape of bedsteads, bedding, chairs, etc., etc., to make every one of the rooms comfortable and feel like home to the poor men who come to them for help.

The evening meeting at No. I. was grand, especially the open-air.

A LARGE CROWD STOOD

around and listened intently to the testimonies that were given. This is the place for open-airs. The crowd inside was not very large, but an enjoyable time was spent. The people were delighted with the singing of the Brigadier and his songsters, Sister Mansfield playing the accompaniments on the organ.

The Sunday morning knee-drills were good. A couple of us were at No. I. while Brigadier and some of the others led on at No. II. Two souls cried for mercy at the latter place. The Brigadier, with his full company, were on hand at the Holiness meeting.

A good march preceded this meeting, and everyone seemed bent on making the inside meeting one of power and blessing. The Brigadier laid the plain truth before the people and God gave him much liberty in doing so.

Capt. Desson, with his cornet, came to the help of the Headquarters' boys in the afternoon, and our

FIVE BRASS INSTRUMENTS

at the head of the march, drew the attention of the people. The inside meeting was good. The crowd was very fair, and all seemed interested.

Our leader again marshalled his songsters along the platform, when a new batch of chorus and solos were sung. Powerful testimonies and exhortations were given, and God seemed to grip the hearts of the people. The Brigadier earnestly pleaded with the unsaved, but was forced to close the meeting without anyone coming forward.

The evening meeting was the crowning time. The barracks was crowded. The audience seemed to be deeply interested. The officers and soldiers were in desperate earnest. The march before this meeting was a rouser. Capt. Waite assisted our band with his cornet.

Brigadier Spooner and Staff-Capt. Sharp dropped in and worked hard in the meeting. After some more singing from the Field Secretary and his songsters, and a powerful exhortation from Staff-Capt. Sharp, Brig. Spooner, read the lesson, his discourse was

STRONG AND POWERFUL.

The people sat and listened attentively. Brigadier Holland then drew in the net. Long and earnest were his pleadings, and after a long and hard-fought battle, a dear brother came forward, followed soon after by a sister. Our brother could not exactly see the Light as he once did, and after battling hard for a long time, we were obliged to close the meeting, praying that this our brother would not rest until he once again enjoyed the fulness of God as he once did.

Monday morning again finds us in the boat and train bound for home, where we arrive all safe and sound, and in a very few minutes the click, click, of the typewriter, the scratching of pens, and the rushing up and down stairs and along the corridors, prove that the Field Secretary and his singing troupe had arrived, and were busy at their different posts, all satisfied with the week-end spent in Hamilton. J. E.

P. S.—The Brigadier and a couple of the boys were present at a meeting held in the P. G. Home. The dear men in the Home eagerly listened to the words of truth and exhortation. Some of the men are saved and gave their testimonies. A most profitable time was spent and enjoyed by all.

Beneath the Shadow of the Great "I."

It is possible for a professing Christian to read the Bible until whole chapters are stamped upon his memory, to pray often, feed the poor, suffer persecution for the Truth's sake, toil in soul saving meetings until his physical powers break down under the strain, have the theory of heart-purity so well mapped out in his mind as to conduct holiness meetings and lead other Christians into the experience, and yet in all this Christlike work not serve God. The true follower of the Lord Jesus will do these things, and if he leaves them undone will become a dry branch and be cast aside, yet we repeat he can do them all and not serve God. This is a startling fact. The motive, we are told, qualifies the deed.

We knew a young Christian who was the very embodiment of zeal. For several years he led revival services and preached the truth as laid down in the Bible—straight. He never shrank from standing on street corners and holding up Christ to the perishing. Would help the poor, submit to insults in the Master's service, was imprisoned several times, led many holiness meetings, and by overwork broke down his health. To all appearances he was a model worthy of imitation; but alas! one thing spoiled everything else—self. He was vain and full of conceit. All of his good works and apparent zeal for God appeared to spring from this root. Occasionally he would assume the role of meekness, but even this beautiful virtue was borrowed and worn as a cloak to hide "the terrible I." Preaching was his chosen field of labor, and being ambitious to be a man of importance and rise to prominence, he used the Lord's work as a means towards that end. Zeal, faithfulness, courage, loyalty, humility, were simply stepping stones to help himself along to power and honor.

A professing Christian, or a Salvationist for that matter, of this stamp, might pass through life bearing a grand character and be looked up to by all (who did not know them too intimately) as patterns of piety and devotion. If they should die, crowds of people would gather to pay their last tribute to the dead, and perhaps some as they gazed upon the rigid features, would envy the deceased the grand reward which they think must follow such a well spent life—when alas, it was a sad fact that life had been wasted by serving self in the name of the Lord. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble: Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."—I Cor. iii: 11-13.

* * *

Beneath the shadow of the great I. We wonder how many of our readers are sitting there! They may occasionally sing, as they have heard the pure in heart sing, "Is not this the land of Beulah?" But we will state that it is not the land of Beulah by any means—for the climate is too cold. The Sun of Righteousness never rises with healing in His wings upon its dreary landscape. The great I stands in the way, and as the poor professor has his back turned to the Sun—his experience is a discouraging, chilly, long-drawn-out scene of misery. Instead of enjoying religion he simply endures it. He reads the Bible, but it is a dry book to him compared to what it is to Holy Ghost Christians. If he looks about him, dry dead trees, a sterile soil, and snow and ice, meet his gaze. If he would consecrate his all to God, choosing a life of self-sacrifice, and let self be crucified with Christ, he would quickly find himself in the land of Beulah. He would walk in the way of holiness then. Service would be a joy, the smile of God would illuminate his soul and the blessed sunshine of heaven be all around him.

There is a wide difference between sanctified and unsanctified Christians, one bears the palm of victory and—self being dead—walks on the glory side of the great I, but the other sits under the chill shadow of the old man. The roots of sin, or the carnal nature, still remain in his heart and lead to conflicts within, which, added to fightings without, gives him a double battle to wage, which is too much, and compels him oftentimes to bitterly lament his sad lot. Complete victory will never be won save by an absolute surrender to God for time and eternity. This done, the Blood of the Lord Jesus—in answer to faith—will cleanse from ALL sin, and He will prove His power to save to the uttermost. The Holy Ghost will come into and possess His holy temple, the body, and make His presence felt by the delights of Perfect Love. The condition of service will be changed, and instead of self trying to use God to carry out the plans and purposes of the Great I, it will be out of the way, and the coast be clear for God to work out His own good pleasure in such manner as will bring the most glory to Himself. Such a soul is dead to the world—slain by Love. What a glorious death! To such happy souls, initiated into the secret of the Lord (I Cor. ii: 9—10) by the spiritual baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire which only Christ can give (Matt. iii: 11), the heavenly Bridegroom says in the mystic language of Love, "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."—Canticles ii: 10—13.—M.

SANCTIFICATION.

The Conditions (Consecration.)

1. What is the third condition?

The *actual present surrender* to God of the whole man and all we possess.

2. Will you explain this more particularly?

Yes, gladly, as there are *more serious mistakes made on this point than on any other in practical religion.*

3. In order to show you what true Consecration is, please describe to me that conduct of Adam which has unfortunately made it necessary.

Adam forsook a life of entire and constant service of God, and set up *independent* of Him. He ceased to be a *servant* of Jehovah, and went, so to say, into business on *his own account*, as *his own master*. He gave up living *to please God*, and started to live *to please himself*.

4. What conduct, then, is necessary in order that Adam's successor, who is on the same lines as he was, may get back again to the same place in the confidence and favour of God that Adam occupied?

He must give up being his *own master* and living to please and profit *himself*, and go back to God with *all he possesses*, much or little, and lay *himself* at Jehovah's feet, and offer to live *wholly* to please and profit Him.

5. What is the great mistake made with regard to Consecration?

It is not a *reality* with many. They pretend to give God their *all*—their children, money, and possessions; their time and reputation; but it is only in *imagination, in sentiment*. It is not real. *God* and *His cause* are no better off *after* it than they were *before*; and the next day these people, who said at the altar the previous night that they *gave all they had to God*, go about acting on the principle that all they have is their *own*, to be spent for their *own* pleasure, and their *own* profit, *just as they did before*.

6. Can you illustrate the kind of Consecration God wants?

A long time back, in this country, there was a war between the king and the parliament, and the greater part of the nation took the side of the parliament, and the king was sorely pressed. It was then no uncommon thing for a nobleman or rich person to come in to the king, and say, "I am sorry and ashamed that your majesty should be driven from your throne, and be suffering all this indignity and disgrace, and I want to help your majesty to get your rights again; and I have come with my sons and my servants, to place our swords and our lives at your disposal. I have also mortgaged my estate and sold my plate, and brought the proceeds to help your majesty to carry on the war." Now, *that* was a *real consecration*, to *that* king: *it was the laying of life and substance at his feet.*

Now, that is just the kind of consecration that God wants—only, one that goes deeper down still. He has been driven from His throne in the hearts of men everywhere; His name is cast out as evil, and men universally refuse to have Him to reign over them. Now, Jesus Christ wants to secure the kingdom for His Father, and appeals for true-hearted soldiers who will help Him to succeed in this great undertaking, and He wants you to come into the camp in the *same spirit* that these men of old did to their earthly king when he was in these desperate straits—to come, saying, "I bring my goods, my influence, my reputation, my family, aye, my life. I will have no separate interests; use all I have and am to promote the war, so that my King shall have His own, and His throne shall be established." That is consecration in reality, and *that only*. This is what Jesus Christ taught when He said, "Seek first the kingdom of God." This is what Jesus Christ exemplified in His life and death. This is what Paul and the first Apostles did; and, if you are to be a thorough Christian, you must be consecrated in the same way.

7. Then a true Consecration has in it the nature of a Sacrifice?

Decidedly so. It is a *real sacrifice*. It is the presentation or giving away of all we have to God; a ceasing any longer to own anything which we have hitherto called our own, but all going over into God's hands for Him to order and arrange, and our taking simply the place of servants, to receive back again just what He chooses. This, it will be perceived, if a reality, is *no easy* task, and can only be done in the might of the Holy Ghost; but, when it is done, when all is laid on the altar—body, soul, spirit, goods, reputation, *all, all, all*—then the fire descends, and burns up all the dross and defilement, and fills the soul with burning zeal and love and power.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us."—Hebrews xii. 1.

8. Is not true Consecration something in common with Crucifixion?

Yes, undoubtedly, it is a real crucifixion. Crucifixion was an ignominious, painful death; and consecration means dying to all those pleasures and gratifications which flow from the undue love of *self*, the *admiration of the world*, the *ownership of goods*, and the *inordinate love of kindred*, and *friends*, which go together to make up the life and joy of the natural man. To do this is always a painful task, and yet we *must be crucified with Christ if we are to live with Him.*

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Galatians ii. 20.

BRO. CHARLES JARVIS

GOES HOME

From Fredericton, N.B.

"Happy Charlie" was converted on August 25th, 1885, and from the very start of his Christian career his life was one of the real blood-and-fire kind. Previous to his conversion he always wanted to be good, but no one told him the way, and the consequence was, sin soon had the upper hand.

When the S. A. opened fire in Fredericton, Charlie of course was there, and began to attend the meetings. He had not attended very often, when the Spirit of God began to strive with him, which finally led him to ground his arms of rebellion, and so on August 25th

"Happy Charlie" Started

out on the new life. Our comrade had been a great bodily sufferer for years, but that did not hold him back from doing all he could to get others saved and made as happy as he was. On March 5th a part of the corps went about sixteen miles in the country for a meeting. Happy Charlie, being acquainted with some of the people in this place, thought he ought to make one of the number to go. It was on this trip he caught a cold, but still went on with his work. On April 9th he attended the special meetings held by the "Soul Saving Troupe." After that he took to his bed, and continued to fail rapidly, but even in his weakened condition he

Did not Fail to Warn

those who came to see him, to flee from the wrath to come.

On April 22nd he thought he was going to die, so he called his daughter and told her so. His dear wife lay very ill in bed in the same room, and when she heard this began to cry. He, hearing the sobs, raised his hand and said, "Don't cry for me." A day or two previous to this, as two of our comrades, who had sat up with him all night, were leaving, they went into the room and asked how he felt, he said, "Oh, glorious," and then raising his voice as well as he could, he sang a couple of lines of his favorite song,

"There are lights along the shore,
That never grow dim."

One afternoon a brother came in to see him, and when told who it was, he rolled over on his back, and raising his right hand, said

"Hold On, Hold On—Don't Waver!"

The Lieut. asked him if he had any message for the comrades. He said, "Nothing, only I want them all to be true." On the morning of May 4th he asked us to raise him up a little. Having done this for him, he closed his eyes and apparently went to sleep, but in a few minutes the breath had left him, and the spirit of our beloved comrade took its flight, to be with Jesus. The funeral service was most impressive. The band headed the procession, and

Crowds of People

lined the streets, and many hearts must have been impressed with the solemnity of that funeral march. At the grave, Capt. Byers conducted the service, which was touching in the extreme. Testimonies were given from officers and friends of the deceased, many of them speaking of the sterling Christian life and example of our comrade since his conversion. After earnest words of exhortation and warning from the several officers who were present, Capt. Byers brought this heart-[illegible] meeting to a close, and we all left the grave, feeling more than ever determined so to live here below, as to be sure of meeting with Happy Charlie on the great Resurrection Morning. Amen. [illegible]

A MARVELLOUS

Case of Divine Healing

I have been requested to write out an account of the wonderful things the Lord has done for my body, as well as my soul. I pray God it may give courage to many a poor sufferer, for I know what it is, and can sympathize. As the distant mutterings of a coming storm, so was I threatened

Before the Crash Came.

Three years ago this spring I became an invalid. Of course, I thought of nothing but getting better in a few months, but the few months rolled into years of the most intense suffering. God blessed the means used for a long time.

Last summer I had good hope of recovery, but in December I began to grow worse, and kept going down all winter, but through it all Jesus was with me, as I had been converted in '85 and fully given up to Christ the first year of my illness.

Jesus was very near all the winter, so near that often I felt as if I could reach out my hand and touch Him.

This Spring I commenced to pray He would show me His will. I felt that He might

See Fit to Heal Me,

as everything else seemed to fail, but I was willing to suffer His will, whatever it might be.

Two weeks before my healing I began to study Christ's miracles on my knees, asking God to show me His will soon. I knew He would answer my prayer. I felt it coming, and I had His Word for it.

Two days before I felt very much depressed, and on the last night could not rest, and in the morning rose worse than ever with pain and weakness. Pain from head to foot, and my eyes seemed pulled out of their place.

I made the remark, "I believe I can be healed," and received the same answer from all to whom I made it, "So you can if you exercise faith."

A friend came in that day, a Holy Ghost woman (I had been seeking the said blessing also), and before leaving asked to have prayer. She wished me to read. I read Matt. xii, 1-21, and as I went on my breath came quick and short. We knelt down and she prayed, then mother, and I followed; but was so overcome that I could only give

My Body, Soul, and Spirit,

to the Lord, that He might work in me the good pleasure of His will, and asked Him to heal me, if it would be more for His glory; then broke down. The lady prayed again, asking the Lord to come this moment. I clasped my hands and said, "Come now, Lord Jesus, I believe Thou art coming, I believe Thou art here." At that moment, by the eye of faith, I could see my Saviour in a cloud, and felt that He was coming right down to me.

We rose, and my natural eyes seemed blinded, as I don't remember seeing clearly, but just then my eyes took their natural place.

The Healer Struck My Back,

and the power went through my body like an electric shock, and praise God, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Lord gives us so much more than we expect! There is a continual stream of thanksgiving ascending from my heart to the Throne of God.

I shall never forget that thrill of healing, and how I shouted, "I'm healed! I'm healed! Praise God, I'm healed!"

Not a drag on my system since. Not strong, but well and gaining strength every day, and not a day passes without my body being permeated with the healing balm and to God be all the glory, forever and ever. Amen! EMMA LOWE.

* * *

In connection with the above case, Capt. Payne writes:—

My Dear Editor,—I visited the above young lady a short time previous to her being healed of God, and she seemed to be in a very weak state, and after [illegible] on leaving, I made a remark on "Faith Healing." I have visited her since, and on hearing what God had done for her, and seeing the change, I requested her to kindly give us the benefit of it for the WAR CRY readers, which she unhesitatingly complied with.

Seeing her, before and after, I can truly vouch for the authenticity of the above short epistle.

To any doubting its reality, I will give her address, so that she can be communicated with, personally, as I feel satisfied that she is willing, for God's glory, to give any further particulars she can that might be required.—Miss Emma Lowe, [illegible]broke, Ont."

THE ABOVE CUT APPEARED IN A RECENT INDIAN "CRY."

Archdeacon Farrar

ON THE

SALVATION ARMY.

(From "Harper's Monthly.")

Whether we admire or despise it, whether we detest or sympathize with it, the Salvation Army represents one of the most remarkable religious movements of this generation. I do not write this paper with a view either of denouncing or of defending it. I wish merely to place on record a brief account of its development, and to point out some of those secrets of its success which are worthy of the serious study of other religious bodies.

There is much in the modes of action of the Salvation Army, much in its doctrines, much in its organization, which is open to serious criticism. In the year 1882, when it first leaped into notoriety, I thought it my duty, in a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, to comment in a tone of warning on some of its proceedings and teaching. I see no reason to retract anything which I then said; but that light of God which shines on so steadily during our fleeting years, and "shows all things in the slow history of their ripening," has brought out more distinctly how much of good is mingled with what we might regard as dubious or full of peril. Experience has also taught us to make great allowances for difficulties, and to

Feel More Tolerant

of ways and words which to us seem crude and irreverent, but which must be judged with reference to the issues which they effect, and the motives from which they spring.

* * *

It is obvious that we have to deal with very tangible facts, and that if we would find any analogy for the growth and force of this movement, we must go back to the enthusiasm exerted by the preaching of the Crusades, to the work of Francis and Dominic in founding the mendicant orders, to the Protestant Reformation, to the preaching of George Fox, or to the growth of Wesleyanism at the close of the last century. Further, no attentive student of early church history can fail to see many striking points of analogy between the methods adopted and the results achieved by the Salvation Army and those which astonish and disgusted the pagan world in the rapid success attained by the early missionaries of the Christian Church. Those ragged, wandering, and maligned preachers, whom trade denounced, whom respectability disowned, whom the religion of the day (including the Judaism from which they mostly sprung) excommunicated and anathematized, whom the Spirit of the world spurned away with contumely, whom rulers imprisoned and martyred, whom malignity searched with candles, nevertheless did, with the irresistible might of weakness, shake the world. They kindled—first in Palestine, then in the Greek islands and Asia Minor, then in northern, then in southern Greece, then in Italy and Spain, and then all over the civilized world, and even among barbarians—point after point of twinkling light. They left behind them small and despised communities of slaves and artisans, many of which were overwhelmed and obliterated by the violence of persecution.

Critics and Satirists and Philosophers

ridiculed the new sect and all its peculiarities—its tongues, its enthusiasm, its "Corybantic" manifestations. They prophesied that this "foul and execrable superstition," the adherents of which they charged with every conceivable enormity, would turn out to be a fanaticism as transitory as it was contemptible. Nevertheless it lived. Whether the Salvation Army will live or not as a separate organization it is impossible to prophesy.

Certainly it has been partaker of affliction, and has been tried in the fire. The world, the flesh and the devil always try to corrupt, to defile, to trample down, to imprison, to slander to death, any effort which is made against their combined iniquities and their wealthy vested interests in drink, vice and degradation. But let the powers of evil, even when they enlist on their side a "soulless clericalism," gnash their teeth and learn their own impotence, when they see that their very opposition is turned into a source of strength to their enemies. At first, when the Salvation Army met in purlieus as suffocating as the Catacombs, the roughs, larrikins and young thieves used to throw stones at its gatherings of the wretched, and to fire trains of gunpowder laid from the door inward,

"I Have Seen the General Pelted

with the rest of us many a time," writes one of his officers; "but he always used to say to the people to take no notice, and go straight on, and that was the best." The drink sellers and the gin shop owners have especially and most naturally been mad against the Salvation Army, and the vendors of rum have often been the founders of the lewd and infamous "skeleton armies" to put it down—too often with the secret sympathy and open protection of the "respectable" inhabitants. The officers—young women as well as young men—often in the midst of labors noble, heroic, and profoundly self sacrificing, have been insulted with foul obscenities, spit upon, deluged with refuse, pelted with garbage and brick-bats, belabored with sticks and broken chairs, bespattered from head to foot with mud, hounded from street to street by mobs, buried under tons of printed calumnies, enveloped, from the Booths down to the humblest Salvation lasses, with whirlwinds of abuse. Even in 1881

No Less than 669

of its men, women, and children had been "knocked down or otherwise brutally assaulted." Nor was this all. The religious bodies have rarely had a good word for them. The law, the magistrates, the police, have been generally against them. Even when they have been wearied, worn out, sickened, exhausted by their labors to reach the souls of the drunkard, the harlot, the rough, the gutter child, they have sometime had to bear afterwards a sentence of imprisonment from some magistrate whose facetiousness at their expense has convulsed his whole court with roars of idiotic laughter. Yet not one of them has ever retaliated, however brutal the insults, however shameful and wanton the provocation; and there have been instances in which their patience has touched the souls of their adversaries.

Some years back, one of their officers, Mrs. Simmonds, a mother with two babes, accompanied by a poor colored girl—one of their first Hallelujah lasses—named Clara Lewis faced the "massed ruffianism" of Pietermaritzburg, and merchants and "gentlemen" took part in the interruption of their meetings. Amid such scenes the poor colored girl died. She was accidentally burnt to death, and passed away, "after bearing agonies of pain, in glorious peace." "The Volunteer Corps of the city," says Commissioner Railton, "as well as thousands of others, turned out to follow her charred remains to a Salvation soldier's grave. I question whether in all the records of the colonies there could be found an instance of equal respect paid to a colored woman."

How comes it, then, that an unknown, rejected, isolated worker has struck

The Lightning of Life

into the valley of which the bones were so old and so dry? How comes it that he can point to more lives obviously rescued, more souls brought to fruits of repentance, than hundreds, I should not exaggerate it if I said than thousands—of the agnostics and clergymen who have no language for him but that of hatred, slander, and abuse? The reasons are manifold, but the two chief reasons are:—First, that he recognised a tremendous need; and next, that instead of acquiescing in impotence, as most men do, he determined to grapple with that need by new and unconventional methods.

1. The Salvation Army met an immense need. That anybody should deny the existence of that need is little short of monstrous. It lies at our doors. It faces us in our daily walks. We see its reeling, ragged, degraded, emaciated victims by day hanging in dirty, blighted, drink sodden groups round the doors of the gin-shops—those licensed traps of flaming temptation—which cause the root of myriads of men and women to be as rottenness, and their blossom to go up as dust. We see the diseased and haggard faces of troops of victims of a cruel civilisation, pale with the near approach of loathly death or unpitied suicide, under the gaslight of our crowded thoroughfares, in which they are permitted shamelessly to sow the seeds of physical leprosy and moral contamination. We read the story of the crimes of drunken ruffians in deeds of grotesque shame or soul-chilling horror in the records of criminal justice. They fill our prisons, they overcrowd our hospitals, they exhaust the resources of our enormous asylums, they paralyze the scattered and inefficient efforts of our charity. So familiar is the spectacle of this social wreckage, so callously indifferent have we grown to the existence of these "sons and daughters of misery and the multitude ready to perish," so little have we accustomed ourselves to care for these "waste places fertile in sorrow," that multitudes think no state of mind respecting them to be philosophical, except one of hopeless apathy and immoral acquiescence. Let one single chance piece of the statistics not of crime, but of misery, serve the purpose of hundreds which might be furnished. The special sub-committee of the London School Board for school children in London report on July 25, 1889, that "the average number of children attending board schools in London at the time of the inquiry was 341,497; of these, 110,[illegible] had their fees remitted for poverty; 43,[illegible] are returned as habitually attending school in want of food; and 24,739 of these hungry ones left school unfed." We look out upon a stormy sea strewn with unnumbered shipwrecks, and we criticise in our arm-chairs the construction of the life-boat which is being pushed over the shingle, or the religious opinions of the brave crew which fain would launch it through the overwhelming billows. We have so persuaded ourselves that the Juggernaut car of political economy must go on crushing its millions under the weight of its hideous idol, we are so piously convinced ("the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose") that

The Poor Shall Never Cease

out of the land, and that every effort of compassion is certain "to do more harm than good," that at last multitudes, in their secret hearts, have excused themselves from the incidence of self-denying duties, and have to regard the Gospel precepts of charity as a convention or a mistake. But, as Mr. Lowell warns us, "there is a poison in the sores of Lazarus against which Dives had no antidote;" and the voice of Mr. George is not the only one which has been raised to prophesy that the Goths and Vandals who shall wreck these modern institutions of which we are so inordinately proud are being bred, not in the wilds of Asia, but in the slums of great cities. Professor Huxley, too, though he has raised his voice so loudly against General Booth, and the brave scheme of social amelioration of which his officers might be the humble instrument, has yet depicted in strong colors the wretched condition of "hordes of ignorance and poverty coagulated in great cities."

2. The practical, the energetic, the self-denying recognition of this need redounds to the credit of the founder of the Salvation Army. If "love be the fulfilling of the law;" if "the end of the commandment be love out of a pure heart, and a good conscience, and faith unfeigned;" if it be "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world"—then the poor Salvationists may claim to have lived far more nearly in accordance with the ideal of true Christianity than the lofty and purpureal personages who have sneered at them with such supercilious superiority. Varro, after the crushing defeat of Cannæ, received the thanks of the

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Roman Senate because he had not despaired of his country. General Booth has not been guilty of any responsibility for that long-continued rout of religious agencies by the spirits of evil which is represented by the fact that, on one Sunday of religious services in London, three million of people were conspicuous by their absence from all places of worship; and that, though high sacramental teaching is so popular and predominant in the Church of England, not three per cent. of the working classes, who represent the great mass of the people, are regular or even occasional communicants. It is, then, a service for which a

Public Debt of Gratitude is Due

to General Booth that he neither acquiesced in the immense defeat nor despaired of being able to turn rout into resistance, and resistance into victory.

"From the first," says General Booth, speaking of days when he was little more than a boy, "I learnt those simple principles on which I have acted with a blessed measure of success, and by that success I was convinced that God is no respecter of persons, but that human nature was as religiously impressionable, if not more so, in its poorest, most ignorant, and wretched forms as in any other."

It is on that principle that the Salvation Army has acted, with the vigor and with the results which are now within the cognizance of all candid inquirers. If we could have had a few such men in the Church of England and the Nonconformist bodies, we should have made the wilderness blossom as the rose. But the men who create religious revivals are rarely welcomed by the churches. The great moral reformers are usually the martyrs of respectability from the Hebrew prophets down to Huss, Savonarola, George Fox, and George Whitefield.

Nor is it less to Mr. Booth's credit that he saw the futility of a dull persistence in the ordinary ecclesiastical routine. If anything be certain, it is that the working-classes will never, as a body, be won to Christianity—and it

Is Practically a Heathen Population

with which we often have to deal in the densely crowded slums of overgrown cities —by the long services and to them unintelligible liturgy of the Church of England, or by any of the refined preaching which may be effective for the upper and middle classes. In a remarkable report, addressed to Convocation by the Rural Deanery of Stepney, a few years ago, the clergy said that of the wretchedest part of the population none attend church, and only from twenty to thirty per cent. of the artisans; that in thirty-one parishes there was an average of only one clergyman to every 3,700 of the population; that this universal indifference to anything connected with religion was due to the overcrowding, the grim and dreary struggle for existence, the want of decent clothes, the prevalence of drunkenness, and the ignorance and prejudice caused by caricatures of religion. And their sad verdict was that in its liturgy the Church of England was offering to the lowest classes something which they did not want and could not understand; and that "after making every allowance, there is a multitude to whom no voice has spoken; to whom no hand has been held out, either by the church or by any other organization, and who are growing up utterly neglected and outcast."

(*Concluded next week.*)

BUY

Next Week's "War Cry."

IT WILL BE A BEAUTY.

BUY ONE AND READ IT.

ORIGINAL SALVATION SONGS.

1 HOW CAN I BE FREE?

TUNE—"*Oh, what shall I do?*"

BRIG. PHILPOTT.

Oh, comrades, please tell me to-day
Of the power that can set fully free;
I long to be good,
And live under the Blood,
But evil is present with me.

CHORUS.

Where shall I go?
Where shall I go?
Oh, where shall I go to get free?

How void is my life of success,
Though I've struggled and wrestled in vain;
And to-day all undone,
I've a soul filled with gloom,
Barricaded with doubts and with fears.

Oh, listen, beloved, to me,
I've proved from a work in my soul
That God has the power,
And this very hour
He is waiting to make fully whole.

SECOND CHORUS.

Come unto Him, come unto Him,
Let the cleansing Blood
Over thee roll.

He saves to the uttermost now,
Salvation from sin is my lot,
My sun ne'er goes down,
I am heir to a crown,
Into Canaan, true Canaan I've got.

NOTE—The last verse was composed by Col. Lawley.

2 THE PROMISED POWER.

"But ye shall receive power."—Acts 1st and 8th.

BY MAJOR WM. BAUGH.

TUNE—*Oh, think of the home over there.*

All hail for a conquering Lord,
Who has triumphed o'er death and the grave,
Then ascended triumphantly home,
But list to the orders He gave,

CHORUS.

Tarry there, tarry there,
For power from on high, tarry there.
[Repeat.

Commanded by Jesus their Lord,
They waited for conquering power,
With hearts all in one accord,
Till God should His fulness outpour.

A sound like a great rushing wind
Came and filled all the house where they met.
And the Holy Ghost filled every heart,
While a tongue like of fire on them sat.

They speak now as never before,
They have got both the tongue and the power;
Some said "they are drunk with new wine,"
But down poured the heavenly shower.

For more read the second of Acts,
Then ask God to give you the same;
The promise is given to us,
In faith let us put in our claim.

Our needs and our foes are so great,
Our God is both mighty and kind,
He declares if we ask He will give,
Let us wait, watch, and seek till we find.

3 IF I BE LIFTED UP.

BY D. O. ADDIE.

TUNE—*Jesus keep me near the Cross.*

Jesus on the Cross was nailed
High and lifted up;
The Blood that flowed has never failed,
When He's been lifted up.

CHORUS.

Lifted up, lifted up,
If I be lifted up,
All men to Me I'll draw, said He;
If I be lifed up.

A serpent made of brass was raised,
By Moses lifted up;
The bitten crowds were healed who gazed,
As it was lifted up.

Even so does Christ declare
Must I be lifted up;
Like the serpent in the open-air,
Must I be lifted up.

As the serpent in the wilderness,
Must I be lifted up;
Your open-airs I'll own and bless,
If I be lifted up.

The Cross attracts where'er it be,
If I be lifted up;
Nothing is too hard for me,
If I be lifted up.

Easy made is all hard goes,
If I be lifted up;
The desert shall bloom as the rose,
If I be lifted up.

Mountains move and walls come down
If I be lifted up;
And every man shall wear a crown
If I be lifted up.

4 I'M A SOLDIER.

BY LIEUT. WHITTEKER.

TUNE—*We'll all shout hallelujah.*

I'm a soldier, don't you see
I'm as happy as can be,
I have been to Jesus with my load of sin;
He has turned the devil out,
Now I love to sing and shout;
Glory, Hallelujah! Jesus reigns within.

CHORUS.

I'm a soldier in the Army,
Jesus Christ is now my Friend;
I'll be loyal, brave and true
'Neath the yellow, red and blue,
Then I know that He will keep me to the end.

I will wear the uniform
Tho' the world may laugh and scorn,
I will show to all I've left the world behind;
In its pleasures now I see
Naught but pride and vanity,
But in Jesus lasting pleasure do I find.

I will march and sing and pray,
Now I'm in the narrow way,
I will live to tell of Jesus' power to save;
Tho' the fight may be severe
Jesus tells me not to fear,
He will help me to be fearless, calm and brave.

To my Lord I will be true,
Bravely fight the battle through,
Till He takes me up to Canaan's happy shore;
There a robe and crown are given
In that happy home in heaven
There I know I'll meet my comrades gone before.

5 WE GLORY IN GOD.

BY FISHER.

TUNE—*Hiding in Thee.*—B.J. No. 9.

Oh, Saviour and King, now to Thee we appeal,
We know Thou art righteous, Thou hast broken the seal;
Our souls were once fettered, we knew no release,
Thy Spirit has entered, our strugglings have ceased.

CHORUS.

We glory in Thee, We glory in Thee,
Our strength, help, and comfort,
We glory in Thee.

In humility, Lord, for Thy nature divine,
Our hearts ever craving, our souls always pine,
Thy blessings and likeness are all we desire,
To suffer with Jesus is all we aspire.

Our pleadings and prayers Thou hast answered before,
And now at Thy Cross for more grace we implore;
We long to be holy, and filled with Thy love,
We know that this blessing must come from above.

Our walk, talk, and actions, whatever they be,
We know there is nothing but what Thou canst see;
Our eyes, ears, and tongues, Lord, we pray sanctify,
In all Thy blest fulness, we pray Thee draw nigh.

6 FORTH TO WAR.

BY STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL, NEW YORK.

TUNE—*Vict'ry for me.*

Forth to war! the trumpet's sounding,
Calling out the volunteers,
Who, infernal foes confounding,
Go to war thro' doubts and fears.
Come, ye warriors, young and strong,
To the front your Saviour's calling,
Sweep the battle right along,
Men and fiends before you falling.

CHORUS.

God's salvation to all nations,
Gladly we go to proclaim;
For the right we boldly fight,
In His great name.
All round the world sings the great Salvation Army!
All round the world—victor through the Blood!

Forth to war, to war victorious,
Certain of the victor's crown,
If till death in combat glorious,
Ye keep smiting devils down.
But the crown alone will be,
To "him that overcometh" given,
No deserter e'er will see
Conq'ror's palm in earth or heaven!

FAMOUS "WAR CRY" SELLERS.

Lieut. Osmond, Chatham, Ont.
Lieut. Osmond, "
Sergt. Bowcock, Toronto I.
Sergt. Bowcock, "
Cadet Scott, Brandon
Capt. Aikenhead, Winnipeg
Father Dixon, Toronto XI.
Sergt. Carse, Toronto I.
Capt. G. McKenzie, Port Hope
Cadet Cairns, Hamilton I.
Cadet Davidson, Brandon
Sergt. Medlock, Toronto V.
Cadet Deem, Hamilton I.
Sergt. Smith, Montreal I.
Cadet McKenzie, Halifax I.
Sergt. Green, Peterboro
Lieut. Lee, Orangeville
Lieut. Green, Winnipeg
Lieut. Brant, Dundas
Sergt. Ellis, Winnipeg
Mrs. Capt. Webb, Cornwall
Lieut. Ford, Pembroke
Sergt. Gatehouse, Montreal I.
Mrs. Vine.l, Winnipeg
Lieut. Wisdom, Toronto V.
Father Moore, Barrie
Sergt. Beyler, Peterboro
Sergt. Quibliy, Collingwood
Mrs. Hood, Winnipeg
Sergt. K. McConnell, Georgetown, Ont.
Capt. Walker, Norwood
Lieut. Williams, Oakville
Capt. Mrs. Boxall, Bracebridge
Cadet Howcroft, Toronto IV.
Mother H——, Amherstburg
Capt. Gale, Peterboro
Bro. Abner Lasalle, Winchester
Cadet Redpath, Halifax
Sergt. Bright, Toronto V.
Lieut. McHarg, Gananoque
Sergt. McNellie, Welland
Sister J. Crawford, Seaforth
Sister Rich, Toronto XI.
Father Miles, Barrie
Cadet Shelly, Toronto IV.

A sister the other night in her testimony said, "God bless the *War Cry*. I got saved before the Army came here through reading the *War Cry*."

Push the *Cry* in every street,
Push it, soldiers, push it;
Push the *Cry* to all you meet,
Push it, soldiers, push it.
Push the *Cry* both day and night,
Push it, soldiers, push it;
Push the *Cry* for God and right,
Push it, soldiers, push it.

WAR CRY

SATURDAY JUNE 13TH, 1891.

News. Next week we hope to give our readers lots of interesting reading about the various special farewell and welcome meetings, etc., &c. It is needless for us to say that it will be an interesting issue, and we want all our readers to push it with greatest zeal and energy.

In Heaven. For some days past the Commissioner's little boy has been very sick indeed, and now we have to record the fact that the little laddie is in Heaven. In such a time of sore bereavement and sorrow, we feel sure that every Canadian Salvationist will pray that God will sustain them. They will thus leave behind them, in the dust of their little glorified child, a link which will not only bind Canada to their hearts, but bring heaven nearer and make it dearer to our departed leaders. Comrades, pray fervently for them.

305. To God be all the glory for what He is doing for us in the WAR CRY and Y. S. circulation line. Three hundred and five is the number added this week, and it is a fact that we are continually adding week by week. We praise God for this, and are determined to spare no efforts in making the CRY interesting, attractive, and very readable. It is a real Salvation paper, containing no advertisements of Sapolio, etc., but from pages one to sixteen, it is full of pure Salvation literature. God speed the CRY.

HAVE YOU GOT THE BOYS?

BY STAFF-CAPT. BIRKENSHAW, AUSTRALIA.

SOME time ago when stationed in a certain city, one of those who had been a great trophy fell from grace. This caused our critics to chuckle and say, "Ah! I told you he wouldn't stand, and the Army converts are all alike."

Personally, I was very much grieved at the spirit manifested by the oppositionists, which brought to my mind a small seaport town, where one very dark night, the storm was raging. The sea was rolling mountains high, when all at once, whiz! a rocket went through the air, and soon the whole town was moved as the news spread.

A Ship in Distress!!

The brave fellows of the life-boat crew were soon rowing with might and main for the wrecked mariners. They rescued some and brought them to land, but not all. Some were lost.

The inhabitants of the town did not scold the dear fellows who had done their best, but gave them cheers, and so we Salvationists have heard the cry go up for help; have seen thousands swallowed up in the surging billows, and have beheld some go down, not to a watery grave, but doomed and damned for ever.

We have put out our life-boat, and with bleeding hearts have rowed through seas of unbelief, infidelity, immorality, and vice, and have reached the wrecks of humanity, and with loving hearts and willing hands have pulled them into the Divine Life-Boat.

We have attended to their wants, have helped them in their need, and in many instances, when we thought they were secure, some

Great Wave of Temptation

has swept over them, and again they have been washed from the Boat of Salvation into the ever surging sea of iniquity and sin.

Are we to be the objects of cynical sarcasm and un-Godlike criticism? A thousand times no! With loving hearts we have done our best to save them, and oh! how sad we feel when they go over and many of them never to be brought back again, but, comrades, don't get discouraged at what anybody thinks or says. God is for us, and His Fatherly heart overwhelms with a burning, boundless love for the poor backsliders who are still in the sea.

He cries out, "Turn ye! Oh turn, ye backslidden children! I will

Heal Your Backslidings

and love you freely."

Another incident that happened in a North of England town. Some years ago the sun rose with all its usual splendor, and the fishermen went out in their smacks early in the morning. As the day went on the heavens began to darken with clouds, the rain poured down, and with a boiling sea the brave fishermen were in danger. It was soon noised abroad through the town.

One old man who was a sea captain called out for volunteers. The required number was soon made up. He said, "Before we go let us pray, boys," and with uncovered heads they commended themselves to the care of Him who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, and with a ringing cheer pulled for their comrades in peril. After some toiling and pulling they reached the dear ones

Almost Dead,

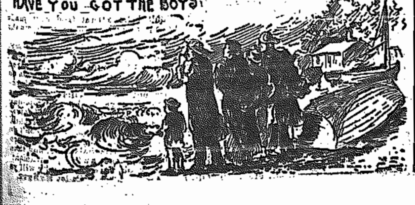
and got them safely into their boat, and then with glad hearts pulled for the shore. When within speaking distance the anxious friends assembled on the shore, shouted out, with their hands to their mouths, "*Have you got our husbands? Have you got our boys?*" The brave old captain answered back again with great joy, "*Yes, yes, we have got the boys,*" and those ashore sent up their praises to God for the great deliverance.

And so I see in the sea of sin, the tens of thousands of poor, wrecked drunkards, harlots, backsliders, and hear Him who went to Calvary cry out, "Who will volunteer?" and I fancy I hear a great shout from Salvation Army officers and soldiers, "Here I am, let me go to the rescue," and with fresh courage, those also who have been in many a storm, and understand how to rescue those who are almost doomed and on the rocks of damnation, put out on the sea in the Great Salvation Life-Boat. Christ the Captain is aboard, and they are successful, after much weeping, praying, toil, and self-sacrifice in landing many half-damned souls on board. Oh, what a shout of triumph goes up to heaven, and the redeemed, the other side take it up, and it echoes and re-echoes again through the heavens.

Those who are already anchored ask, "Have you got our boys? Have you got our girls and parents?" and the answer is "Yes," and then with harps, and music, and song they join in one great jubilee and give honor, power, majesty, and glory to Him who has saved them.

Oh, my precious comrades, in the field, take fresh courage, seek renewed baptisms, and live, fight, and die at your post.

"There at His feet we shall all meet,
And hear the glad "Well done;"
The faithful ones He thus will greet,
Into My Kingdom come."



A Wedding at Guelph.

What the "Guelph Mercury" says about it.

THE ARMY JUBILEE AND WEDDING.—Yesterday was a big day for the Salvation Army in this city, the principal feature of attraction being the announcement of a "hallelujah wedding." The neighboring corps of Galt, with their band, Berlin, Rockwood, Acton and others, with their commanding officers and sergeants, turned out in full force, under command of Brig. Spooner, of Hamilton, and D.O. Sharp. Meetings were held in the forenoon and afternoon, and were largely attended by soldiers and friends of the Army. Shortly after 5 p.m.

An Excellent Banquet

was provided by the soldiers and friends of the Army, which was well patronized. Perhaps one of the largest and best parades the Guelph corps has ever had marched through the streets between seven and eight o'clock, headed by the banners of the visiting corps, the Galt banner being the largest and best. The procession was made up of the Galt and Guelph Army Bands and hundreds of officers and soldiers. Before they had returned to the barracks

The Place was Filled,

and when everything was settled, and devotional exercises, etc., and a few selections from the bands, all eyes were fixed on the marriage of Mr. John R. Suddaby, of Palmerston, to Miss S. McTague, of Guelph. Both parties were members of the Army. The Salvation Army marriage ceremony was performed by Brig. Spooner and afterwards by Rev. Mr. Salmon, of Toronto. The rev. gentleman then gave a short address, favoring the work of the Army, and appealing to all present to aid them in the Christian warfare. The meeting was brought to a close shortly after ten. Among the members of the Salvation Army band from Galt was

An Old British Pensioner

—well-known to a number of the older residents of the city—Wm. Webb, of the 20th Foot, on whose breast were three medals, the Turkish, India and Crimea, with the three clasps. The old man is in his 71st year and looks hale and hearty. His experience in his new-found life was very interesting.—*Guelph Mercury.*

Grape-Shot

From the Newfoundland Man-o'-War.

We have moved our headquarters to a more advantageous locality. We have secured a dwelling and a shop combined, and have opened out for Salvation business, and are making a grand display of of all the blood-and-fire weapons of Salvation Army warfare. We have done a splendid winter's business in uniform, etc., and have sold, and sold, and sold, and are still selling. We don't keep the devil in stock, but we find enough of him around town to swamp the "Great Eastern." "We don't deal in ginger beer or any other kind of beer—we keep salvation, if you want any," quoth the man on the stool behind the counter, to a girl who wanted to invest in some *stuff*. A little girl came in and changed five cents, so you see we are doing a rushing business, rousing the natives to see what kind of a stock the S. A. has got. Headquarters, or somebody else, hurry up with those bonnets; we are all out. That last lot of fifty went a-sailing, and the bands and badges and braid and—etc.

If you only knew what we can see in the future for the S. A. in Newfoundland, you would be amazed. The Major is endeavoring to capture every inch of it for the S.A. He has some plans and schemes concocted in his cocoanut that will baffle the slickest devil the devil has got.

* * *

The Major was counting over the different places he would like to open fire on in Newfoundland. How many do you suppose there were? About twenty, and he heaved a sigh and said. "Oh, if I only had a thousand dollars I'd fix the S.A. up nicely on the Island. I could do very well with two thousand." Somebody give him a few. I hope Capt. Bob Smith, the B. C. mountaineer, will find a big gold mine—a small one won't do, we want a big one—and give a few donations from it this way.

* * *

We increased our Soldiers' Roll fifty-one last month, and lots more want to join us. The enrollment documents still show that there is fighting done all along the front.

* * *

Some saved, sanctified, satisfied Salvation Soldiers, singing, shouting, say, sweet smiling Saviour still seeks sad, sin-sick, sorry sinners; sack Satan, secure sure safety soon, sensible souls.

* * *

Here are a few notes I jotted down for the CRY:—

Little Bay says, "Five backsliders, fourteen added to the Soldiers' Roll, and one or two hours per week visiting the J. S."

* * *

Fortune had five J. S. open-airs one week, and six Junior prisoners. Seven wear uniform. The officers visit and look after the lambs.

* * *

The Sergeant-Major at Burin visited eighteen hours, and the total visiting for all the Sergeants was thirty-one hours one week.

* * *

I have some nice Y.S. notes. Get it and read them. Wonderful! All about the children's war.

* * *

Fortune is a good place to get bait to catch fish, so the French-shore people think. And the S. A. not only has good bait there, but catches some beautiful sin-fish. Eight nice prisoners and backsliders in the net.

* * *

A number of the S.A. bloods wore beaver hats on the way to the Victoria Hall, which caused some ingenious biped to compose a string of poetry about it, and called it the "Beaver Hat Brigade," and the boys are selling them on the street for "only one cent."

* * *

They have one of our "Come on business, do your business, and go about your business" cards stuck up in the Custom House, and have put "customs" officers instead of "S. A. officers have no time to waste." Lord, bless them and get them all into heaven. Amen.

* * *

I see they put on our WAR CRY notes the heading, "News from Cod-fish Land." Well, thank God for plenty of fish. We may all be fish, but we are not all Cods.

* * *

And while we are talking about Newfoundland, will you please make a note that it costs five cents to bring a Canadian letter here. Next time you write put on a five-center.

SCRIBE SHIRA.

Whatever may be thought of the religious views of General Booth, of the Salvation Army, we are forced to concede that he must take high rank as a sanatarian and as a man of common sense; for does he not announce his belief that soapology and scrubology, together with theology, are to be found the redeeming and civilizing agencies for the lower nineteen-twentieths of humanity? Good for General Booth; sounder wisdom has never issued from human mouth.—*The Metropolitan.*

THE TATTLER.

"Say, have you ever heard of Holy Ann?"

"Holy Ann? Holy Ann? Yes, yes, yes; many a time have I listened to her wonderful talk."

"Well, next week her photo is to appear in the CRY, with the first chapter of a sketch of her life."

"That will be interesting. I'll get the CRY and read it."

***

"Well, that was a grand meeting," said one of the War Office Staff boys as he left the little dining room in the Temple basement. "Oh, I do think he is so much like Commissioner Coombs. I only had to shut my eyes and I thought it was him." Col. Pollard was leading the meeting and it went off with a bang.

***

"Tattler!" "Yes, the Tattler." That is the heading over this column. I believe it will be inserted weekly. Will it be interesting? What will it contain? Who is the Tattler? Now, that's enough. All you have to do is to carefully read it week by week.

***

Have I seen the new Commissioner? Well, no, not at the time of writing, but I hope to see him soon. The Editor was saying that the cut of him in this issue is very creditable and good. However, perhaps I shall have more to say about him next week. From the sketch of his life one would gather that he is a deeply spiritual man.

***

"It's too bad that the WAR CRY should not contain more news from the D.O's." Yes, my friend, I'm with you there. Of course the D.O's have piles of work to do, lots of meetings to lead, etc., etc., but I am of the same opinion as yourself, that each could send a few items of interest every week. "I hope they'll do so. God bless them."

***

"Well, what strange cuts there are appearing on page fourteen every week. What can it mean?" It means this, that the Editorial department, in common with all other loyal Salvationists, has a burning desire to see the circulation of this paper increase. Of course the cuts are peculiar, but they are inserted to attract and urge every Brigadier, D.O., F.O. and soldier to boom the CRY.

***

"I really think that there should be more names inserted underneath the heading, 'Famous WAR CRY Sellers.'" Really, it is cheering to note the names of those who sell so many CRYS on the street. "Oh, I understand that no notice will be taken of those not sold on the streets." Just so, my comrade, that's the ticket—and tell those who have the business at heart to put on the post card the number and date of the CRY sold.

***

"Did I attend the big meetings at Toronto?" Certainly I did, and enjoyed myself much. Of the councils, the speakers, the speeches, the farewell and the welcome at the Union depot more will be given our readers next week. In the meantime pray that the Lord will sustain both Commissioners.

***

"What about the Toronto Camp-Meetings this year?" As far as I know at present they will be held as usual on Well's Hill or some other place near the city. Anyhow, you may be prepared for them and pray for those who have the arrangements in hand. Big times are expected and we shall not be disappointed.

***

"I suppose, sir, there will be big changes on the boards now?" Changes? Yes, certainly. The S.A. is always changing its tactics. The devil is noted for this, and we must be up to his tactics. It will be well for every Brigadier, D.O. and F.O. to hold himself in readiness for any emergency, for any change, for any new place of work. We know not what a day may bring forth.

***

"But many of your people in the Army do not stand, they backslide?" Decidedly so, and what church or organization can you find in which there are not Judases. The S.A. machine winnows so finely that all those who are not real, holy and loyal at heart cannot stand the process and are glad to get out.

***

Now, this is my first batch of tattlings. I have mixed up these and sent them to our readers, but in the future, this column will contain interesting items as to the latest developments in the Canadian warfare. I can promise one and all that it will be a well-read column. It will be found weekly on this, the outside column of page nine.

***

Look out for next week's.

TATTLER.

Culled from Reports!

SHORT, INTERESTING AND READABLE.

They are having good times in Toronto II. God's Spirit is working, and Christians are renewing their covenants, and backsliders are returning. Capt. Frank Moss spent a recent Sunday with them, and had a blessed day.

Advert forty of the CHARLOTTETOWN comrades paid a visit to the outpost recently, and a most enjoyable time was spent. Capt. LeDrew says they had ONE good case of conversion on a recent Sunday, and they are going in for greater things.

Capt. Broadbelt, who has been laid aside for a long time through sickness, reports he is as fine front of the fight again. TORONTO, VII. is her station now, and God has already crowned her efforts there with ONE soul. She and her Lieut. are determined to have victory. [God bless you, Captain. A holy and consistent life is sure to bring victory every time.]—Ed.

Capt. Hunt, of LITTLE BAY, N.F., writes this:—"Since our last report we have been marching on. THREE souls have come to Jesus. Fourteen recruits have been enrolled at the outpost, and five at Little Bay, and several others at each place ready for enrollment. Hallelujah!"

God gave our comrades in ST. STEPHEN, N.B., the joy of seeing souls converted. Since we last had a report from here, SIXTEEN have got right for eternal life. Lieut. Wightman says many more are deeply convicted, and they are believing to have them converted before long.

A big "Sing-a-baloo" meeting was the attraction in the barracks at WATFORD on a recent Thursday night. A grand time of the spirit, and at the close a poor backslider returned to the fold. While holding a prayer meeting in a soldier's house on a recent Saturday night, a SINNER was led to God for Salvation, and at the close of the public meeting the same day AN-OTHER fell down for mercy. Sister and Capt. Fisher rejoice and go forward with more determined effort to bring souls to Jesus for other souls.

Through the wrecking of the train, the WAR CRY was delayed in reaching CARNEWAY in the far North-West, and Lieut. Hookaway says: "It is when you can't get the CRY that you really learn to value it." FOUR souls have professed to find Salvation since we last heard from this place.

The Lord has been blessing Capt. Perry's labors in PETERSHAM. Since we last heard from this corps, two souls have been to the mercy seat, but only ONE got saved. The soldiers are getting along nicely here.

Capt. Tom Barker and his Lieutenant, of STROUD, put in a good week's work this past week. They walked 100 miles, spent twenty-two hours in visitation, visiting twenty-one families; sold thirty War Cries; led one sinner to God, and spent about half a day in cutting wood. This looks like business, but in spite of all this, they tell us "God and work" is good, very good, Capt. I am sure God will abundantly bless your efforts to extend His Kingdom.]—Ed.

From Lieut. McCullough's report we learn that the dear Lord is saving in BAYFIELD, SIX souls having been forward to the penitent form crying to God for mercy.

Our WESTVILLE, N.S., comrades were cheered with a visit from Capt. Hartley on a recent Saturday and Sunday. ONE soul professed to find God saved.

Lieut. Brewer rejoices to be able to send the good news of THREE souls seeking Salvation at our barracks at DUNDALK during the past week. Hallelujah!

Our comrades in GEORGETOWN, P.E.I., are forced to hold their meetings on the street on account of their not being in the barracks. Capt. Rafuse is determined, with God's help, to tell the people of a Christ who can save them from their sins.

Capt. Crager is noted for sending short reports. This week is no exception to the general rule. Here it is in full. "DESERONTO, Ont., 1891. Marching on. Good times all week and ONE soul. Praise God for ever. Yours to win." [Short, but good, Captain. Send along more such.]—Ed.

That was quite a jump for Capt. Andrews, from Sherbrooke to ST. JOHN I., N. B. "Just such is life in the great S.A., and true soldiers are always ready to follow and obey orders at any time or to any place." God blessed your efforts at the meetings on Sunday, and at night they were able to rejoice over THREE souls who had been led to penitent form. Hallelujah. [Well done, Captain. God who gave you the victory in Sherbrooke, will surely make you conqueror in St. John.]—Ed.

Since we last heard from GLADSTONE, MAN., our comrades have secured a hall Sam Opp says that on the first Sunday night ONE soul was saved, first FIVE more since then, so that God is surely setting His seal on the new departure.

Brigadier Spooner, Major Calhoun, and Adjt. Mundy led the Government country, and had a grand Social Reform meeting. The people seemed interested, and God blessed the occasion. Capt. and Mrs. Boxall still hold the fort there.

The war is still being faithfully carried on in PEMBROKE. Capt. Payne is still marshalling the forces here, and he says that THREE prisoners and THREE backsliders have been to the fountain, and have come out shouting "Hallelujah 'tis done." It has been a real tug-of-war in this place, but a stick-to-it faith in God has been rewarded. Glory, hallelujah, amen. [This is glorious, Capt. Go on to greater victories. Amen.]—Ed.

A number of the ORILLIA warriors assembled at the depot to welcome their new officers, Captain and Mrs. Ayre. This warm reception made the Captain and his wife feel at home, and they set to work at once in real earnest. They have had grand meetings so far, and TWO have sought pardon and got sanctification. [This is good, Capt., keep it up. God bless you.]—Ed.

THREE souls have professed to find Salvation at BIDULPH. This makes Capt. Wiseman feel happy.

The comrades in BRAMPTON are at present marshalled by Capt. and Mrs. Wakefield, and God is giving them good times. On a recent Saturday night a woman came to the Captain wanting him to come and pray with her. The Captain was very sick. On arriving at the house the Captain found a dear old man about 60 years old, crying for mercy. He quoted various passages of Scripture, praying with, and telling him of the wonderful love of Jesus, he introduced Christ as the Saviour. Glory hallelujah!

Capt. Wiggins, of LONDON II., writes as follows:—"Good times. Good marches. Good crowds. Good for mercy. Good meetings. Sinners in pickle. Backsliders miserable. Seven recruits enrolled. God saved ONE soul. Capt. MAY was a bitter adversary against the Army, and did not want his wife to belong to it, but to-day he is a soldier. He is very open-air. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!!"

The S.A. Fort at ORANGEVILLE is bravely held at present by Lieut. Lee, and God is giving the comrades a good time. From Private Andrews' report this week we learn that the crowds, both in the open-air and barracks are good. During the week a young man, who had often been to the barracks, was buried into eternity without a moment's warning, and yet the people don't seem to realise that death is on their track.

Capt. Heift, of DUNDAS, is evidently making it hot for the devil around his domain. They are having good meetings, especially on Holiness lines, and souls are being saved. Lieut. J. Meridith broke stepped into the open-air ring on a recent Sunday evening and gave his testimony. The man is married, but he knelt and sat on the platform. ONE soul was saved.

During Capt. and Mrs. Ayre's stay in PORT HOPE the dear Lord had given them great success. Sinners were saved, backsliders reclaimed, and everything else prospering also. They have received farewell letters, and are ready to follow at the Lord's command.

Ensign Morse spent over a week in PARRSBORO recently and reports good times. Our officers and soldiers here are doing all they can to get sinners saved, and are determined to press forward in the battle until souls are brought to Jesus.

"THREE more souls saved" is the good news this week from Capt. Hunt, of Wheatley.

Capt. Whyte still holds the fort at MADOC. Scribe Brannd paid them a visit lately, and led some very interesting meetings. Capt. Orager is noted for sending short reports. This week is no exception to the general rule. Here it is in full. "DESERONTO, Ont., 1891. Marching on. Good times all week and ONE soul. Praise God for ever. Yours to win." [Short, but good, Captain. Send along more such.]—Ed.

At KEMMOUNT the war is being steadily waged, and the Spirit of the Lord is working. D.O. Beatty paid this corps a recent visit and had a grand time. Souls are coming forward in the holiness meeting for Sanctification. The memorial service of Captain Ensign Richards was a most impressive meeting.

The D. O. and Ensign visited MARKHAM recently, and had a grand time. They enrolled ten recruits and had a presentation of colors. The meetings are good, and the Christian friends who attend render valuable help in the meetings.

Things are looking up generally in SHELBURNE. Capt. Isaac is in for victory. Good meetings are being held, and conversation stamped on many faces. "is what we city from the latest report.

Some Solid Sayings,

SPOKEN BY—

LONDON LISPERS.

BY J. E. M.

It is easier for a good man to go ahead and do right than for him to go back and do wrong, if he has the Spirit.

Young converts, if they would progress in divine things, should get and keep the victory in giving their testimony

The best kind of love for God is that which causes a man or woman to serve Him continually.

A warm offering not only helps people to give glory to God, but it also helps to vanquish the over-heated barracks. Try it when you feel warm and your audience is getting drowsy.

Sister A——said, "I am glad that when I see my neighbors going to the opera one night, I can say, I do not bother me a little bit, though I used to be greatly charmed by these things." When God comes in, He takes out all desire for such vanities, and gives reality.

I heard of a young man who got so convicted over watching a wave offering in an Army meeting that he came and got saved. It reminded him of the flipping of the angels' wings.

If a man is right with his God, he will be able to hold on his hat and look the world in the face. No bulrush, hang-dog business about the salvation of Jesus Christ.

The spirit of God may make a man appear foolish in the sight of the world, but he will be wise in the eyes of God, and a mercy to his family. The Spirit may make a fool of a man in the eyes of God, man and devil. Which is the best?

Some people cover up their sins under a red guernsey or a hallelujah dress.

Some folks sing, "Joy, joy," in the ring, and go home to curse their wives and children.

Some folks are always consecrating themselves to God and are never His after all.

When I was a boy I used to play marbles, sometimes for fun, sometimes for keeps. It seems to me that lots of people go to holiness meetings and get down to marbles for keeps. Lord help us to do so for keeps.

God will not say, "Well done thou good and *successful* servant!" but, "Thou good and faithful servant!" It will be faithful and success is sure to follow.

The best and most satisfactory way for us and God to let God have His way, Please Him, and it will surely mean being well pleased yourself.

It is good to have a "little go" salvation as well as one that is suitable for "big good."

If a man seeks Salvation out of a selfish motive, he will be disappointed; but if he seeks it to bless others also, he will find it to his own satisfaction.

Lots of people these days are "too fresh" and the devil has a picnic with them. is well to be seasoned with grace

Some people have so little of God about them that if you were to hold a real hot prayer meeting in their houses, even the cat and dog would strike for the door, while the children would scare with fright. Of course, these folks are Christians (?)

It has been remarked that if a couple live together for a length of time they will nearly grow to resemble each other, and to inherit each others, ways and manners. So, if a man lives with God he will grow like Him, and acquire His traits of character.

The biggest fool in the world is the man who fools or deceives his own heart.

If a man gets his messages from God he will never get left.

THE WAY THE DEVIL DOES IT.—A man worked a day for a dollar, spent it in one hour in drinking, and it took him ten hours to sober up and get over its effects. Four game to play, but thousands play it, and worse.

When a man is willing to lose his life, or his ease, God always takes away his sins and gives him real life.

Death is almost preferable to life in bondage, yet lots of Christians are living slaves to the lusts of the flesh, and endure religion. God pity such curses. God gives liberty and life.

If a man has the love of God in him will not hanker after the world, nor will not at all.

It will be a bad job for Christians who stick to the world, for get privileges every minute, to sleep all day and wake up in hell, to know that would work.

Christian life is like going up a hill, the closer we get to the top the nearer it brings the sky. So as we draw near to Christ we draw near to little children.

Mrs. Philpott told of inviting a little Grace one day and when she said

"Grace, who made you name?"

"The devil did it, mamma."

"Then what shall I do to him?"

"Take the stray and drive him out."

This was done, and the little "Mamma, I feel better now." I could not whip the devil out of my people.

Bro. A—told of how, after a victory. After he got converted travelling on business, he stayed at a hotel where the proprietor asked him to be prayed for, whereupon he got right. At first the proprietor said, "Take one and throw it away." But he gave to say "No." He said, "Pray for me." Now, was it worth while? Yes, it was worth a world of people. Yes, it was worth a world instead of yielding to the temptation.

"Mac," the Sotchman, is always in the pleasant of his soul. He has led lots of people striking out in some happiness last Rock of Ray, too he is a mercy to his family and also to crooked legs before night and found what they were looking for. Too much tangle-leg whiting.

The difference between a sinner and a saint is that a sinner is always going to be happy, but never is happy, while a saint is always enjoying the pleasure of being found.

A little girl, when mother was washing her face, said to her mamma, "Mamma, God don't wash His way with lots of people. They are cleansed and right, but they are trying to go through the process of washing.

God gives a man just what he needs every-day salvation that will enable him to live a holy life, and he is happy and contented here, and will be heaven when he dies. Have you got the kind of salvation?

Things Conductor Sellers Saw.

The Salvation Army has done more for the salvation of souls than any other agency on the globe put together.

Thousands of people seek the best in secret and are saved, and God knows it, but the creatures. God help them to be skinned Christians.

Thank God you can be saved without being skinned. I got converted, and Jesus Christ put it in or caused it to be.

I have spoken a word to some sinner day after day and week after week, and he seeks it to bless others also, he will find it to his own satisfaction.

Lots of people these days are "too fresh" and the devil has a picnic with them. is well to be seasoned with grace

Some people have so little of God about them that if you were to hold a real hot prayer meeting in their houses, even the cat and dog would strike for the door, while the children would scare with fright. Of course, these folks are Christians (?)

I am sorry I was ever a sinner, for it caused my mother much sorrow. God gives, and I have accepted His gift.

"NO HELL."

"I don't believe that God ever made a soul to be punished," said a man to me the other day.

Very true. He never did; but many people of this day forget that salvation is a necessity. God has made it a will of our own, and he leaves it to us, not that God's will should come out; but that our will should be His. Also He says, "Choose ye whom you will serve." The salvation is so simple that it puzzles people who seek it. I have spoken to them in their blindness, and they say, "Do God and get. His Spirit will come in and make you free." Oh, men, we do, turn from God.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN LONDON.

QUEEN BATS' CELEBRATION—BIG OPEN-AIR MEETING—SOLDIERS' CONVENTION ENSUE—PRISONERS IN THE BARRACKS—PRESENTATION OF NEW COLORS, LOTS OF OTHER THINGS.

Long and well-announced for some weeks back, and such strenuous efforts were put forth by Brigadier Philpott, D. O. Bowman, and the Divisional and local staff, it is no wonder that our three days' celebration in London were a decided success. Some 50 or 60 officers from the various stations in the Brigade gathered in, and seemed to have come to bless and be blessed.

On Saturday night, a grand welcome tea was held on the market square, where a platform had been erected and an open pulpit prepared specially for the occasion. A large crowd gathered to listen, though the air was rather chilly, yet the attention was good throughout, and much good was the result. Brigadier Philpott led, and was assisted by Lieut. Colonel Pearson.

On Sunday morning, the forces met for a full hour on the market at 7 a.m., and the reading of Scripture, followed by prayer for God's blessing on the efforts of the day, they went for a march around the city, the people of which were surprised, and quite a few hearts, as they were awakened out of their sleep. It is to be hoped that they will get up and out of their hearts before it is too late, when it will be a bad job for them when the trumpet sounds on the resurrection morning.

The holiness meeting at half-past ten was a time of great light and blessing. Several testimonies were given, and several souls sought the blessing at the hands of God.

At 3 p.m. there was a mammoth open-air held on the market, and those who were present could not but have enjoyed themselves, and profited. Following this was the holiness convention in the barracks, at which quite a crowd attended. Brigadier Philpott gave liberty while he opened the lesson, and it was just grand to hear his discourse on "Elijah and the prophets of Baal." The Brigadier is a "old-timer," and if you could hear this original S. A. of days of yore, Bro. Bowman's "Bless the Lord, O my soul," and "Bless the Lord," in a spirit that showed he meant it, and I tell you, he afterwards testified, that he was not ashamed of his followers of Christ without gloves, and no mistake. More power Bro. Mason, and let the devil have it harder.

On Sunday night, after a good time in the open-air, we went again to the hall, and had a good time, the Brigadier leading the meeting that followed which was more of a prayer meeting. Quite a number of souls were saved, and the different officers and soldiers gave a good testimony to God and sinners. A good collection was taken up. No souls surrendered, but I am certain many were convicted of the folly of a life of worldliness and sin.

At half past two in the afternoon we had a crowding room, and very interesting, being more than a sermon preached by our dear friend and brother in Christ, Conductor Sheridan, and God's Spirit was manifested in him, and God helped him to describe the simple, straight gospel truth to a crowded room. His text was "Christ is all, and in all." He was assisted by Brigadier Philpott and D.O. Sweetman, Ensign Eggen, Capt. Cowan, Capt. Cowan. Though this meeting was closed without souls coming forward, nevertheless, a lot of good was accomplished, and we doubt many a soul will yet praise God for the privilege of listening to the "Converted Soldier" Sheridan.

The final engagement took place in the evening and consisted of a great open-air demonstration in the barracks, followed by an officer's farewell and presentation of colors to the corps. Solos, duets and testimonies were rendered with each other, by the warriors and officers, and Secretary McGillivray read the lesson. Brigadier explained the colors to us and then presented to which the necessity of living out the spirit of them. Bro. Ogden received the flag on behalf of the corps, who promised to be true and carry them through the streets of the city for the glory of God. Souls were saved, and we hope to see the close of this meeting, and officers and soldiers separated to their different fields of labor, feeling the blessing of God been present at the three days' big go.

NOTES.

By the way, I forgot to mention that the town had a super visit the Brigadier and Staff on Saturday night, which was a very pleasing affair. Much credit is due Adjutant Andrews and Lewis, with their helpers, for the very creditable way it was

Capt. Beckie Brannigan was all there as usual, and while she is not very great in stature, she can still make some big folks hustle in singing through a chorus. She sings to quick time, I guess.

Capt. Cowan did not forget to remind the people that the Rescue Home is still alive, for she had a stall with goods for sale at the entrance to the barracks. God bless her in her noble work.

Staff-Captain Sweetman is coming to the front as an amateur printer, and had small dodgers scattered all abroad announcing the meetings, which were very good for his first attempt. Go forward, thou disciple of Gutenberg. J. H. M.

A WONDERFUL

Answer to Prayer.

For four years I prayed for a brother's Salvation. He had been for eighteen years a slave to strong drink. He became worse and worse. His health failed, and he was on the brink of a drunkard's grave. All who knew him gave him up for lost. At my request one morning I went to pray for death, which would have sealed his doom for ever and ever.

One Sunday afternoon I was in prayer for him, my heart full of grief and anxiety on his account, I was in concern, saying, "Have I done all I could to save him?"

It then came into my mind to write to the Editor of the WAR CRY, and tell the Army for his reclamation. I wrote, giving his name and address, and shortly after the letter appeared in the Cry.

A little while after, by a strange course of circumstances, he was brought to Clover Bar, to a holiness country place, and he began to pray and quit the drink.

From there he came to Vancouver, where he was induced to attend the Army meetings. It was here, one Sunday last winter, while at a holiness meeting, that he found peace. He wrote me, saying, "I have got the peace that passeth all understanding." Since then he has been happy all the time. His health is regained, his mind is sound.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul."

Oh, the change His Word can effect, turning darkness into day!

I feel confident the notice I sent to the "War Cry" was instrumental in my brother's Salvation.

I know not who prayed the prayer of faith that saved him, but this I do know and can testify to:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'er-shaded,
Safely his soul will rest."

WM. S.

A Testament Stolen

IN ORDER TO BUY LIQUOR.

A gentleman once told the following story concerning himself:—

"I was a terrible drunkard. I had nearly broken my wife's heart. I had sold little girls' Testaments, and I had sold little girls' clothes, that she might go to school, and I sold them for drink. They gave her a little Testament. She was very fond of it, and loved it as her life. I was drunk, and these kind ladies sent a doctor who said

SHE COULD NOT LIVE,

and they also sent her at comforts they could, and watched to did not mind them for liquor.

One day I went to her bedside. I was drunk. I had taken everything I could lay my hands on. I looked around the room; there was nothing left, nothing to sell, could dispose of, yet I must have drink. I would have sold my child. I would have sold myself for whiskey. She reached her hand on the bed with the Testament clasped in her hands, partly dying. As I sat there, she handed me the Testament, and I turned from her fingers. Looking around the room I stretched out my shaking hand,

SEIZED THE BOOK,

and hastily thrust it into my bosom. I soon sneaked out and went to the tavern. What took me back to my child I cannot tell, but I sat again by her side. She was just sleeping, and I sat there for some time. She opened her eyes and saw me. Reaching out her hand to clasp mine, she said, "Jim, I am going to die, and when I die I shall go to Jesus, for He told little children to come unto Him. I was given out of my Testament. Oh papa, oh papa, what shall I tell Him?" It struck me like lightning. I sat for a few moments and then fell down on my knees by the bedside of my child and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." That whisper was the last word she passed my lips. She died in a few days with her hand in mine, and her last words were, "We shall look for Jesus now."

SAULT STE. MARIE.

The Town Taken by Surprise—The Devil Routed and Three of his Rank and File Captured.

Capt. David Richmond and his brother, Smiling Billy, were passing through the Soo, and having to wait for a train for hour, the Lord had a man ready to bring them to my place.

We were so glad to see anything that even looked like the Salvation Army, that we were soon on our knees thanking and praising the Lord.

Then the Lord put it into my head to arrange an open-air and public meeting. The Captain and his hallelujah brother said "amen."

Next morning I secured a hall, and had the meeting announced in the public school.

The devil said, "I don't think it is wise to have a public meeting—they will say, "The Army was here and had to leave." but, hallelujah, we know the old devil and what he is after, so we paid no attention to him or what the people say.

At eight o'clock out we go, trusting in God for victory, a big drum, two fifes and a tambourine. It seemed to put the town in an uproar; the dogs barked, the children cried, the people gathered around. Then we halted, levelled our guns and fired right into them. We then marched back to the hall with a grand crowd. One soul in the fountain. Mr. Dawson, jailer, very kindly offered his hall free of charge. God bless him. He is one sin-sick friend, and loves to see them saved, and is ever ready to help on the work of the Lord and I trust he will be saved. Good was the night meeting, fair crowd, and fair order, with great expectations on our part. Not disappointed were we, although we finished at 11 o'clock.

SORE KNEES AND HOARSE THROATS,

but oh, hallelujah, glad hearts and faces at the sight of four penitents, one girl and three men. Three of them were Salvationists, one man of them the son of a father and mother's prayers in Old England were ascending to the Throne on behalf of their boy, who had been separated from home to get away from religious influences.

Oh, these races, the curse of our cities and towns. Georgetown was full of people next day, so, rallying forth with the Cars, I bombarded the saloons in the afternoon. Oh the number of men who thronged these devil traps.

The Queen's birthday meant a good harvest to the devil and his bookmakers, but I have faith to believe that out of the numbers who heard the message of the Salvation from their parents, having been personally experienced by myself, there will be fruit gathered by the Saviour, although it may be manifested in the Army WAR CRY. Well, where the opportunity occurred, I dropped selling the papers and

WENT STRAIGHT FOR THEIR SOULS.

Jesus wonderfully helped me.

In the afternoon, I commenced with a bang, preceded the grand jubilee at night. Interruptions in the open-air meeting, continued, but we overcame the hosts of the Saviour in their assaults against and execution amongst the devil's ranks, and negatively sacrifice and we brought joy to our hearts.

After the meeting, which went off well and happily with the exception of the finish to the meetings, which we at Salvationists look for to complete one another's happiness, a coffee supper was designated for personally, and then I returned to Toronto by the night train to plunge once more into the renewed fight for precious souls for the Temple. FRED. T. MILLER.

Centre Street Gets Roused.

"Well, well! I can hardly believe it! Surely it can't be! Well, well!"

"Say, don't ejaculate so much, but tell us what you are talking about."

"Well, it's so surprising, and so good, I am almost afraid to tell it for fear folks don't believe it."

"Well, let's have it. We know you are saved, and don't tell lies."

"Would you believe it, I saw Centre St. corps marching last Thursday night thirty strong. They had a "big go," and inside the barracks was comfortably seated. Four comrades gave their experiences; Billy Patterson, the ex-year 1891 Salvationist, Mr. Wheatley, policeman; Cedar Moore, whose girl fire years in Hong Kong, China; and Sam, the converted drunkard. Four souls were taken to Jesus, to which the people responded splendidly."

"Was that all?"

"No; Capts. Brooks, Butler, McKee, Rose, Knight, Stockman, Bennett, Chapple, and a number of Rescue and Garrison cadets were also there."

"Well, then, let us praise the Lord."

PROTUS.

Kaleidescope Brigade Wanderings.

Welcomed at Acton—Novel Collection—Eye-Openers—Big Crowds—Deep Interest.

ON Saturday, May 16th, the members of our Brigade once more brought to light the silk hats which had been kept safely and free from dust in a dark corner of the office, and soon we were on our way to the station. A striking feature was, no doubt, the great variety of overcoats of all shapes, colors, and qualities.

On our arrival in Acton, Capt. Scarr, the big and the little drum met us at the depot, the latter being carried by two soldiers.

Ensign Roffe, a good-natured soldier, the Captain and your humble servant had a share of carrying the baggage of the whole Troupe. I myself had one satchel over my back, two in one hand, a banjo in the other, and various articles of clothing of different parties where I could possibly carry such.

The band struck up and on we marched through the Main Street of pretty Acton. The rising generation, from petticoat to small knee-pants, were lining the sidewalks.

We soon were dispersed to our billets, and after supper met for a march. A large crowd gathered in the open-air, and we seized the opportunity of

Firing Some Bomb-Shells

among them.

The meeting inside started off with, "Oh yes, there's Salvation for you." We sang three verses of this swinging tune, which were indeed very much alike, and could only be distinguished by the different times they were sung. The singing and the testimonies took good hold of the people, and the audience appreciated everything that was said and done.

It occurred to us that the barracks was by far too small to hold our crowds for Sunday, so we proposed to the crowd that if they would help us with a special collection, we would have the Town Hall. I held up the highest extremity of my apparel, commonly known as "Plug-hat," and the boys commenced to fire away. There was a regular fusilade of coppers.

and when we counted up we had $2.10. We at once despatched the treasurer to secure the Town Hall, which was done. Ensign Roffe with an earnest appeal drew the meeting to a close.

Sunday morning we commenced our meeting sharp at 7 a.m., and after fifteen minutes' knee-drill we marched around the walls of Acton, blowing our horns with all our might. Although we did not

Circumambulate the Forts

seven times with our march, yet we were fully forty-five minutes at wakening up the dead, and the Lord blessed us. Our

march was original, as we had plenty of space in it.

After breakfast I had a few miles' walk out to the outpost, where we had a blessed time with a few of God's children, and at the same time an opportunity of warning those who were in sin to flee from their doom.

The band boys, led by Ensign Roffe, conducted the holiness meeting in the barracks.

We also are glad to acknowledge thankfully the announcements which the Presbyterian and Methodist ministers made during their services.

In the afternoon we found a nice audience awaiting us in the Town Hall when we returned from our march, and the opening song, "Oh, I'm glad I'm ready," went with a swing. After several had prayed earnestly that God would use His children, we went in for a real free-and-easy time. Not a minute was lost. Capt. Wyse sang,

"O, Ring Dem Bells,"

which carried the day wherever we went.

John M. G. Horn read the lesson from John iii. and commented on it, earnestly entreating the people to come to Him who came to save the world and not to condemn it.

Ensign Roffe treated us with a song of his own composition, "A Saviour who's always the same." We then opened the meeting for Christians in the audience to testify, and a number of them seized the opportunity.

Frank Morris soloed "Never give in to the devil's advice," and exhorted the people to sing, threatening to charge them 10 cents at the door at night if they would not do so.

Capt. Elliott gave his experience, demonstrating that God could save the moral people and those who are patted on the back by their friends as being good enough, and that not only the great sinners needed the Saviour.

Ensign Wood soloed "I'm happy," which we all were, and so we all sang. Everybody seemed to be delighted, and the Spirit of the Lord was in the midst of us.

After we had had one of our singing-battles, we brought the meeting to a close with the blessed consciousness that we had delivered the message which the Lord had given to us.

Before the march at night, we had a blessed little time with the soldiers, and on our return found a very fair crowd in the Hall. They came streaming in as the meeting went on, until the Hall was fairly seated.

"Oft have I heard Thy tender voice" was the opening song and the key-note for our meeting. All our minds were bent on a solid Salvation time, and we felt that God indeed had hold of the proceedings and was working among the sinners.

After some earnest prayer we sang on

our knees, "On Calvary's brow my Saviour died," and while singing the sweet assurance filled our souls that the Salvation purchased there had become our own experience. We continued with "Jesus, the Name high over all" to a grand old tune which

The Congregation Took Up

real well. Capt. Horn told the audience the secret of his happiness, and offered the same essence of joy to the souls who were in misery.

Captain Elliott sang from the WAR CRY, "A never-failing Friend" which was followed up by the experience of the Treasurer; they used to call him "Drunkard Tom," but the power of God has reached him and made him sober. He was not afraid for people to inspect his life, but he wished to be a light for God. This was followed up by a solo from Capt. Wyse, "My heart is now my Saviour's home." He told the people that this was also his experience, and told of the depth of sin from which he had been rescued by the power of God. He pleaded earnestly to the unsaved to come to the fountain that could wash clean.

Then Ensign Wood sang "Down at the fountain wonders are wrought," and illustrated the wondrous love of God by a very appropriate anecdote, which I will not relate here, but which you may hear when we come around to your place.

"On, ever on, to eternity" gripped the people, and although it was getting late, yet not one soul moved during this song, especially the last few lines,

Guilty, Condemned for Eternity!

brought, we believe, the awful condition of the Christ-rejecter before the audience, and we believe many souls saw at that time their terrible condition.

Ensign Roffe continued to urge upon the people the necessity of a quick decision, seeing how the great establishment of hell never rested, but is always busy to delude souls.

We read a few verses from the Word of God and went into the prayer meeting. It was a hard fight and none yielded to the pleadings of the Holy Spirit, nevertheless the Lord did put His seal on our meetings, and we believe that the direct or indirect results shall be revealed in the great morning.

Many were the invitations to come back again, and when we went to our billets, though tired, yet we rejoiced over the blessings which we had partaken of during our stay in Acton.

We wish to thank all our kind friends who provided billets for the boys, and did all in their power to make us comfortable. God speed till we meet again. B. F.

The Kaleidescope Band at Richmond St.

All the week long, a large, glaring announcement, was to be seen on the corner of Spadina Ave., and Queen St., announcing the visit of the above mentioned band to old No. I. Capt. Dyson seemed to have done his very best in making this meeting a grand success.

Tuesday night came round at last, and soon after 7 o'clock, we were on our knees in the Temple asking the Divine blessing of our heavenly Father to accompany us and give us a good time. Prayer over, we formed up two deep and away we go, our "plug hats" attracting the attention of the hundreds as they charged busy Queen St. I really must confess, that some of these hats looked rather "ancient," but then

We do it all for Jesus,

and to attract the crowd, that we may tell them of His power to save.

At 7.40, we were formed up outside of Old No. 1, Kaleidoscope Band to the front and the band belonging to the corps in the rear waiting for the word "forward," which was soon given by Staff-Capt. Friedrich, who, accompanied by Ensign Roffe each with a banjo over their shoulders, led the way. The band made things hum to the tune of No. 110.

The open-air was good, and the Captain's announcement about this being

The only Kaleidoscope Band

on the Continent, composed of eight skilled musicians, brought quite a number to the meeting.

Inside, the meeting was started with "March on, march on, heed not the cannon's roar," and many and rich were the blessings which God blessed us with.

After Ensign R—— had given us something from the Word, and Ensign W—— had soloed, an original song, which was composed for the occasion, was given and evidently "took the cake." The Staff-Captain's verse about

"Now I'm on the Rock, once I was in the ditch;
And my name you all know is Bruno Friedrich,"

caused quite a little amusement to those present.

With song and testimony the truth was driven home, but after the invitation was given and several had prayed, we were forced to close the meeting without seeing any results. We know not what the future will reveal, but one thing we do, and that is earnestly pray that God will use it all in Salvation of souls.

In closing, I should like to say to my readers, that if the "band" is announced to visit your corps, do not fail to come and them, as they always have something new and their object is to be a blessing.

NICK.

A SUNDAY'S FIGHT.

We commenced at seven Sunday morning with a knee-drill led by the Sergeant-Major and Cand. Orr, where we felt much of God's presence, and I should like to let you have some of the testimonies for a change.

Treasurer—"Saved and trusting in Jesus. When I got up, I found I had Salvation—had not left it behind in the bed. I am glad I never forgot the Lord as some people do. And if I was put in the lock-up for serving Jesus I would not want to be pried out with crowbars, as

The Man Was the Other Night.

Bro. Foot means to fight the battle through

And Live that Others may Follow Him.

Rank Sergt. thanks God for the desire He gives him to go on to victory. He is determined to do his part and

Nothing will be Left Undone.

Sister C——, who never has missed but one knee-drill since giving God her heart, and is now about three months in the narrow way is thankful for the way God is leading her and determined to follow all the way.

Sister O——, in her reading from James III., said although we are in a war, it is one that brings peace. She felt sometimes like crying out, "Woe unto my tongue!" because she says things in the congregation of sinners that would be better unsaid. We cannot tame our tongue, but God can. When she entered the Army it was for life, and she desired to do more for the half-damned world. We used the sound string all day and many were wounded, and as soon as the pool was opened at night two souls came and fell at the feet of Jesus and found Him, to the joy of their souls. We had, as is natural, a real hallelujah wind-up and a march around the hall, in which they took part. Look out for greater things in future. Yours for souls,

CAPT. JOE W.

Famous No. 1 Musical ...

Travelling ...

From Tilsonburg we ... Thomas. Capt. Goodchild ... were awaiting our arrival ... soon at our billets. A few ... are into our meeting. There ... good crowd, and things ... nicely, but no one got saved.

Next morning we ... We were met at the station by ... Wiggins and Jones. The ... board is practice. Then we ... our different billets, where ... the meeting. We were very ... Capt. Wiggins' Lieut.

Very Sick in Bed

but well in his soul. May God ... may he soon be to the front again ... at the quarters an old drunkard ... was going to slay me for talking ... to her about her soul, and Lieut. ... came frightened, but no harm ... We had a very good time, but ... without seeing any souls saved. ... a big work to be done here, and ... Wiggins seems to be right at home ... look out for big things in the future ... bless you, Capt. Live low and ... yours every time.

Next night we are at No. I. ... very good crowd and a good meeting ...

Best of all, Two Souls

professed to find the Saviour.

We glide along next day to ... The officers are on hand, and ... at the quarters, where there is ... vided for us, of all the good ... could wish for. We spent two nights ... and had big crowds both nights ... bless Capt. S., and her Lieut. ... fight is somewhat hard, God will ... all their needs.

From here we drive across the ... to Ingersoll for Saturday and Sunday ... are glad to meet with our old ... Capt. and Mrs. Gage. They have ... here for a long time,

And Have Done a Good Work

May God abundantly bless them. ... a very good time in this town ... soul, Hallelujah!

Drumbo is our next stopping place ... were sorry to find the Captain ... compelled to go on a rest. ... comrades. The devil seems to ... hold on this place, but in spite of ... enjoyed ourselves. We had a good ... ing, but no one would yield.

Next day we drive to Richwood ... body seemed pleased to see us, and ... went with a swing. We had to ... to Drumbo the same night.

Next day finds us in Woodstock ... we spend two days. We are glad ... Father and

Mother Lock still Alive

and enjoying a Full Salvation. They ... real Salvationists. They have the

Gate Painted Yellow, Red and Blue

and also the doors of the house, and ... happy as though they had just ... and told us there was a home ... any time we came to Woodstock ... abundantly bless them. We ... good time at the jail, playing ... to the prisoners. The Capt. holds ... with them, and some have got ... together we spent a good time ... town. Ayr is our next place ... no officers there, but Sister ... everything in apple-pie order ... made as comfortable as ... Generals. Altogether, we ... time in Ayr and pass on ...

CAPT. J. ...

THE VACANT CHAIR.

TO ANY POOR GIRL NEEDING A FRIEND, WRITE TO US. We Will Help You!

To PARENTS, RELATIVES and FRIENDS.

SEND US PARTICULARS OF

Any poor girl fallen or in danger.
Any friends you want to find.
Any young persons you desire to be visited or looked after as to their souls' salvation.
Respectability or otherwise of proposed situations.

NOTICE.—Address all letters, COMMISSIONER T. H. ADAMS, Territorial War Office, Toronto, Ont. marked "Enquiry."

NEW LIST.

Information wanted of W. A. CAMPBELL, supposed to be in Portland, Oregon. By trade a foundry man. He left his wife and children in East Saginaw, Michigan, U.S., about 5 years ago. Please send information to his wife, Mrs. W. A. Campbell, Strathburg, Ontario, Canada, or Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Army, the Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

Information wanted of a young girl by the name of BROWNJOHN from England. She was sent from England to Canada with some officers. Her cousin, George Cowbery, recently from England, and who is at present living in Watford, Ontario, will be glad to hear from her or from anyone who can give information concerning her. Please address to George Cowbery as above, or to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Army, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.—13-6-91.

MRS. GILBERT THOMSON, whose name previous to marriage was Catharine Burns, is anxious to hear from her sister Annie Burns, or from anyone knowing of her. Please address information to Mrs. Gilbert Thomson, Wellwood, Manitoba, or to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Army, the Temple, Toronto, Ont.—13-6-91.

Information wanted concerning JOHN LATCHFORD who left England for Canada about 15 years ago. Was last heard of in the United States Army about 5 years ago. Please send information to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Cry please copy.—13-6-91.

Information wanted of JAMES SHERWOOD. He left Brinkworth, Wilts, England, about 30 years ago for United States. Please write to his brother Henry Sherwood, or to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

Information wanted of JOHN HODDER, about 70 years old. Born in Newfoundland. Left home when a young man. Only wrote home once. Had several children. His nephew James A. Hodder, who resided in Port Hammond, British Columbia, is anxious to hear from someone of his family. Supposes his uncle is dead. Supposed to have relatives in the State of New York. Address Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. U. S. Crys copy.—13-6-91.

Wanted information of GEORGE HEWLETT who resided at Romsey, England. Went to Australia in June, 1888. His mother and brother wishes to hear of him or from him. Address Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Australian Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

Information wanted of JAMES FARLAND who knew George Hewlett, who formerly resided at Romsey, England. Address Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.—13-6-91.

444 Information wanted of JAMES HENDERSON who left his home in the Township of Wellesley in 1888. He is 22 years of age. Dark complexion. Last heard of 8th January, 1891. At that time he was in Winston with one William Stirton. They were going to a lumber district. His wife is very anxious about him and wishes to hear from him or of him. Address information to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Army, the Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

Information will be glad received of JOHANNA COMOFORD. She parted with her brother six years ago in Wingham, Ontario, Canada. Supposed to be in Toronto living with a niece, a daughter of Patrick Comoford. Please address information to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

Information wanted of A. H. GILBERT. Last heard from 10 years ago. At that time his address was P.O. box 300, Chicago. Please send information to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

Information wanted of MICHAEL DEE, aged 32 years. Dark complexion, dark eyes, dark hair. Height, a little over 5 feet. When last heard from he was at Delphi, Indiana, United States. Please send information to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

Information wanted of ALEXANDER WALDEN. Last heard of two years ago at St. Mary's, Ontario. His mother is sick. She would like very much to hear from him before she dies. Please send information to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Army, the Temple, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

Information wanted of FREDERICK CURRAN. Aged 22 years. Left England in 1884. Trade, boot and shoe finisher. His uncle is the enquirer. Please send information to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Army, the Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

Information wanted of ROBERT McKEE, aged 22 years; height, 6 feet; hair black; complexion dark. Left England 4 or 5 years ago. Last heard of in Buffalo, U.S. Important news waits him. Please send communications in re addressed to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Army, the Temple, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

CHARLES SUFFRIGAN. Last heard of at Port Dalhousie or St. Catharines. His sister in England would like to hear from him. Please send information to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Army, the Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

Information wanted of C. O. LARGON, who left England for Toronto about a year ago. Please communicate as to his whereabouts with Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Army, the Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

Information wanted of ALFRED TIMMINS, who left England for Canada with Mr. Middlesmore's Home some time ago. His last address was Mount Brydges, Ontario. Friends are anxious about him. Please address news to Commissioner D. Rees, Salvation Army, the Temple, Toronto, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—13-6-91.

REPRINTED FROM LAST WEEK.

415 Information wanted of ROBERT FLETCHER GEDDES, aged 25, a sailor. Last heard of from the "Seaman's Rest," Montreal. Between 1885 and 1886 he proposed going a voyage prior to settling down. His appearance is prepossessing, commanding features, short in stature and stout in build. His father would be glad of news. Address information to T. H. Adams, Commissioner S. A., The Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—5-6-91.

416 Information wanted of WALTER NICHOL, aged 25, height five feet, reddish hair. Left England ten years ago for Montreal, Canada, to live with Mr. T. Hadley, Point St. Charles. His last address was in care of Mr. Harry Anderson & Co., contractors C. P. Ry, Jack Fish Bay, Lake Superior, Canada. Please send information to T. H. Adams, Commissioner S.A., The Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—5-6-91.

417 Information wanted of LEONARD GEORGE BATCHELOR. Slight build, hair dark brown, disposition lively, age 17, walks with a swing. Had been working on farms near Montreal. A year ago his address was, care of Miss Lefleur, Sutton Flat, P.Q., Canada. His mother is very anxious about him. United States Crys please copy. Please send information to T. H. Adams, Commissioner S.A., The Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.—5-6-91.

418 Information wanted of JOHN DEAN, who left England with his wife Charlotte and two children, Lotti and Elizabeth, in February 1882. Last heard of at Brantford, Ontario, about seven years ago. He was working on a railroad, and was known to have joined the Dufferin Rifle Volunteer Corps. United States Crys please copy. Please address T. H. Adams, Commissioner S. A., The Temple, Toronto, Ontario.—5-6-91.

447 Wanted, information of the whereabouts of PATRICK FLYNN. Please forward information to T. H. Adams, Commissioner, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario.—6-6-91.

448 Information wanted of HUGH A. CAMERON. When last heard from he was in Greenlands, Australia. Please communicate with T. H. Adams, Commissioner, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Australian and New South Wales Crys please copy.—6-6-91.

449 Information wanted as to the whereabouts of ABNER SILVER. Last heard from about two years ago. He was then at Cheboygan, Michigan, U.S. Please send information to Commissioner T. H. Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. United States Crys please copy.—6-6-91.

450 Information wanted of WILLIAM S. COLLINS, formerly of Sault Ste. Marie. Last heard from in the autumn of 1889. He was then in Owen Sound. His mother would like him to write to her, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner S. A., The Temple, Toronto.—6-6-91.

443 If this should meet the eye of WILLIAM CUCHOW, he is informed that he will be gladly welcomed home. A letter of great importance is awaiting you at the Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont., or will be given to you on your personal application, or in writing from yourself, will be forwarded to your address. Please communicate with T. H. Adams, Commissioner, Salvation Army, The Temple, Toronto, Ontario. United States Crys please copy.—6-6-91.

451 Information wanted of the whereabouts of MRS. WILLIAM LEADLEY. Last known address, 311 Church Street. Supposed to be a member of the Salvation Army. Please communicate with T. H. Adams, Commissioner, The Temple, Toronto.—6-6-91.

A large Newfoundland dog marched into barracks in H. on a recent Wednesday night, as our comrades were on their knees, and good-naturedly took his place beside the Captain on the platform.

419 Information wanted of CHARLES EZEKIEL LLOYD, age 67, tall in stature and well proportioned. Known by the name of Cockey Charlie. His proper name is Ezekiel Lloyd. Native place Cleobury Mortimer, Shropshire, Eng. Trade, blacksmith. Last heard of when going to St. John N. B., Canada, from Boston, U.S.A. United States Crys please copy. Please send information to T. H. Adams, Commissioner S.A., The Temple, Toronto, Ontario.—6-6-91.

420 Information wanted of AMBROSE WILTON SEARLE, nick-named Amby. Blue eyes, height five feet four inches, gentlemanly appearance, probably dressed in gray. Ran away from Tiverton, Devonshire, England, March 13th 1891. It is supposed he sailed for either Canada or the United States. His relatives are very much distressed owing to his disappearance.—6-6-91.

421 Re WILLIAM STEVENSON, of Newfoundland, who left home about three years ago. When last heard from he was in Nanaimo, Vancouver B. C. His mother and other friends are very anxious to hear from him. Please send information to Harbour Grace, N. F., or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner S. A., The Temple, Toronto, Ontario. U. S. Crys please copy.—6-6-91.

422 Information wanted of the whereabouts of ARTHUR WEST, age 23. When last heard from he was living with a farmer in the Province of Ontario. The exact portion of Ontario is not known. His mother would be glad to hear from him. Please write to Commissioner T. H. Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto.—6-6-91.

424 Information wanted of THOMAS GRAHAM, who left Oxford, Ontario, about eighteen years ago, to go to California. He was in British Columbia nine years ago. Height, six feet three inches. Complexion fair. Please address tidings of him to his sister, Mrs. William Lowes, Morden, Manitoba, or to T. H. Adams, Commissioner S. A., The Temple, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.—6-6-91.

425 Information wanted as to CHARLES WOODWARD, formerly living in Tilsonburg, Ont., supposed to have gone to Norwich Ont. He was a Salvationist. Please send information to T.H. Adams, Commissioner S. A., The Temple, Toronto. United States Crys please copy.—6-6-91.

HIGH PARK, TORONTO, BOMBARDED, ON MAY 25TH.

The Salvation Army exists for the purpose of war at all times and in all places. Accordingly a detachment of the same mustered in High Park on May 25th.

Early in the forenoon they began to arrive from all parts of the city, on foot, by rail, and in van, until they numbered a few hundreds. These

Uniformed Devil-fighters

formed the chief attraction of the day. There were lively meetings, Junior and Senior, forenoon and afternoon, and while I cannot report the saving of any souls, I am confident from the testimonies given, and the remarks heard outside, that the day's work will bear fruit, though it may be indirectly.

Your humble servant left the Temple about 10.15 on that beautiful morning, and after procuring a new note book for the occasion, proceeded westward by a Queen St. car, arriving on the scene of action about 12 o'clock. This was his first visit to this place and he would like to go again. After about five minutes' walk over a dusty, winding road,

The Sound of a Drum

indicated the whereabouts of the S. A. A few steps more, a climb up a steep hill, and he finds himself upon a high rolling ridge, fringed on one side and dotted here and there with trees, and descending on the other side in an irregular slope to the Humber Lake. Right in the centre of this beautiful natural platform the Army was holding a meeting. But I arrived in time to hear only the latter part of it.

Dinner being next on the programme, the ground was soon ornamented with family-like groups, who proceeded to relieve the large baskets of their contents in a manner which indicated

Anything but Ill Health.

But the writer, having made no provision for this hour, and being of rather a backward nature when himself is concerned, decided to sit quietly on the bank and take in the proceedings until the drum of the Junior meeting demanded attention. Ensign Logan was leading, and the songs and testimonies from the children were interesting. Your informant was specially interested in a duet-dialogue, representing a conversation between saved and unsaved lads; a begging song, accompanied by a juvenile autoharp, and, "I'm a soldier in the Salvation band."

Next in order came the Senior meeting, the meeting of the day, led by Brig. Margetts and Adjt. Addie. This was preceded bp a march, and—yes, there was a band and two drums, one of the latter being used as

Both Platform and Collection Plate.

Stirring and inspiring songs interspersed the numerous testimonies which were definite and pointed. Here is the pith of a few of them:—

"When I came to God for Salvation I hardly knew how to approach Him, but I just said, 'Here I am, Lord; I've nothing to offer in my defence,' and felt the change at once. Now I want to do nothing that I cannot ask God's blessing upon."

"God has taken away the thirst for the drink, and now He will let me drink of the Water of Life."

An old man of about sixty years saved a few months ago, "I spent the greater part of my life as a teetotaler, but in an evil hour in a day of sorrow I gave way to drink." (He had not then a personal acquaintance with a Saviour who could keep him.) "I have been in this park many times for my own pleasure, but this is the first holiday here as a saved man. I have been here often to

Catch and Study Insects.

but I am here to-day to catch souls. In giving up tobacco, I first felt that it was unnecessary, and then that I could not ask God's blessing upon it. Since God has changed me, all my desires are to follow after Him."

An Indian comrade.—"I was a big sinner, but God changed me five years ago. Jesus is holy, and He lives in me making me holy Indian."

Another Indian comrade.—"I was a drunkard, but Jesus took out all sin and made me free. Now I serve Him with a full heart, and He is going to keep me."

Among the songs were,—

"We're bound to win, oh yes,
We'll ne'er give in, oh no,
By faith we see the kingdom coming,
In the year of Jubilee."

Also two from our Indian comrades, in their own tongue:—

"Angels are waiting,"

and,

"Oh, I am happy,
For Jesus lives with me,
I'm on my way to Canaan's land,
Beyond the Crystal Seas."

Reading from Luke xix. 41-44, in his remarks, the Brigadier said, "God is no inconsiderate Judge, as some people think. He loves the sinning soul, but hates the sin. He has conditionally placed the destiny of your soul in your own hands. Are you going to sell that soul for the pleasures or wealth of earth?

Mrs. Margetts in appealing to the unsaved, said, "I sought for that which would give peace to my heart, and joy to my life. I found it in Jesus, and I like this way of living. I believe there are those here who want to be saved, but you will not wake up some morning and find yourself saved. You must make a stop yourself, or you will reach the end for which you are bound. All our comrades tell the same story—gave up sin, are saved and kept by the grace of God. What are you going to do?"

I am certain that among all those who sought for pleasure on this day, none were so well satisfied with the day or themselves as the S.A.

LEWIS.

NOW FOR SOME EXCITEMENT.

A thrilling, interesting, attractive, and illustrated serial story called,

"HOLY ANN,"

will appear in future issues of the CRY, running through several numbers. At the head of chapter I., appearing next week, will be "Holy Ann's" photo. Now for some interesting reading.

"War Cry" & "Young Soldier"

COMPETITION LIST,

FOR ISSUE OF JUNE 6th, 1891.

The Three Famous D. O's. Look at Their Pictures

305. TOTAL RISE THIS WEEK. 305.

Brigadier Jacobs Adds 150.
Brigadier Glover Piles on 100.
Brigadier Margetts Increases 110
Brigadier Spooner's Rise of 65.
Major Morris Rushes on Another 110.
Brigadier Philpott is Steady.

Adjt. Addie's Grand Move—He adds 11[illegible]
D.O. Grayson's Good Work—She adds 11[illegible]
Maj. Scott's Plucky Effort—He adds 11[illegible]

Adjt. Collier Rises 50—D. O. Marshall Begins Again—D. O. Cousins' Small Move—Still D. O. Sharp Plods on—Adjt. Leonard's Grand Increase of 75—D.O. Southall Again on the War-Path—Major Calhoun Again Shows Willing—Well Done! Major Scott—Three Cheers for the Newfoundland Braves!

THE FOLLOWING CORPS HAVE EACH DONE GOOD WORK THIS WEEK:—SHELBURNE, TORONTO II, TORONTO V, NEWMARKET, OAKVILLE, DIGBY, N.S., BAY ROBERTS, N.F., GALT, QUEBEC II, RENFREW, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., VANCOUVER, B.C., ACADIA MINES, N.S., BURIN, N.F.

Little Bay, N. F., is the Only Defaulter this Week. Oh!

*Eastern Brigade, Brig. Jacobs	7745
*East Ont. & Que. Brigade, Brig. Glover	5820
*Central Brigade, Brig. Margetts	5080
*Western Brigade, Major Morris	4925
*Hamilton Brigade, Brig. Spooner	4570
West Ontario Brigade, Brig. Philpott	4095

DIVISIONAL CHAMPIONS.

Winnipeg (Man.) Capt. Aikenhead	**800**
Victoria (B.C.) Capt. McIntyre	**750**
Montreal I (Montreal) Capt. Watson	**635**
St. John I (St. John) Capt. Andrews	550
*Toronto II (Toronto) Capt. Coombs	475
Fredericton (Moncton) Capt. Fielder	420
Peterboro (Peterboro) Capt. J. Gale	400
Halifax I (Halifax) Capt. Ilett	380
London (London) Capt. Jones	375
Kingston (Kingston) Capt. Barber	370
Hamilton I (Hamilton) Capt. Hunter	3[illegible]
Guelph (Woodstock) Capt. Savage	350
Ottawa (Ottawa) Capt. Connett	330
Chatham (Chatham) Capt. Elliott	280
Barrie (Barrie) Capt. Miller	210

The above illustration represents the three Divisional Officers who have each done good work this week. Their names are Major Scott, D. O. Grayson and Adjt. Addie. I am sure they have well earned their respective good positions in the Competition List. Other D. O's have done well, and it is with great joy and pleasure that I have to record this week an increase of

80 "WAR CRYS"; 225 "Y.S." TOTAL, 305.

*BRITISH COLUMBIA DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GRAYSON in command.

Victoria	Capt. McIntyre	750
*New Westminster	" Coulter	535
*Vancouver	" Scott	480
Nanaimo	" Fraser	4[illegible]
Calgary	" Hilts	300
		2455

MANITOBA DIVISION.

MAJOR MORRIS in command.

Winnipeg	Capt. Aikenhead	800
Brandon	" Frith	440
Selkirk	"	250
Portage la Prairie	" Rennie	245
Neepawa	" Iverach	160
Carberry	" Gage	130
Emerson	" McGill	125
Moose Jaw	" Gordon	115
Morden	" Isaacson	95
		2360

LONDON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SWEETMAN in command.

London	Capt. Jones	375
Stratford	" Mahon	185
Goderich	" Scarr	170
Seaforth	" Branigan	140
Sarnia	" Smith	140
Petrolia	" Cowan	135
Palmerston	" Husted	125
London II	" Wiggins	120
Strathroy	" Pepper	110
Forest	" Slote	100
Listowel	" Wells	90
Wingham	" Moore	90
Mitchell	" Thackery	90
Clinton	" Hayes	90
Watford	" Fisher	80
Wiarton	" Barber	80
Parkhill	" Wallace	75
St. Marys	" Ogilvie	75
Brussels	" Sweet	75
		2315

*HALIFAX DIVISION.

ADJUTANT COLLIER in command.

Halifax I	Capt. Ilett	380
Halifax II	" Bent	250
Windsor	" Desbrisay	215
New Glasgow	" Kimble	210
Liverpool	" McCabe	165
Halifax III	" Wolters	160
North Sydney	" Alward	150
Dartmouth	" Davis	140
*Acadia Mines	" Leavitt	130
Westville	" McLean	125
Sydney	" Jennings	110
Truro	" Boggs	110
Lunenburg	" Holmen	80
Stellarton	" Gattie	80
		2305

*MONTREAL DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL in command.

Montreal I	Capt. Watson	635
*Quebec II	" McGuinness	250
Sherbrooke	" Andrews	180
Montreal II	" Miles	175
Bedford	" McKoo	115
Chesterville	" McKeen	110
Lachute	" Osmond	100
Coaticooke	" Goodwin	100
Maxville	" Liddell	100
W. Winchester	" Wooley	100
Waterloo	" Crowe	85
Cowansville	" Batten	85
Richmond	" Mavity	75
Knowlton	" Harding	75
		2185

*ST. JOHN, N. B., DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. COUSINS in command.

St. John I	Capt. Andrews	550
St. John V	Ens. Matthews	375
Yarmouth	Capt. D. Creighton	225
St. John III	" Byers	140
St. John II	Capt. Hynde	1[illegible]
*Digby	" McDonald	1[illegible]
Carleton	" McLean	1[illegible]
Fairville	" Campbell	1[illegible]
Bear River	" Roach	1[illegible]
Bridgetown	" Allen	10[illegible]
Annapolis	" Creighton	[illegible]
		210[illegible]

*TORONTO DIVISION.

ADJUTANT ADDIE in command.

*Toronto II	Capt. Coombs	475
*Toronto V	" Gerow	455
Toronto VI	" Clark	410
Toronto I	" Dyson	305
Toronto IV	" Wadds	235
Owen Sound	" Milner	195
Toronto III	" Moss	190
Toronto XIII	" Snider	180
Toronto VIII	" Lowry	175
Toronto VII	" Bailey	140
Toronto XI	" Westacott	135
Toronto XII	" Harris	130
Markham	" Hubbard	100
Brampton	" Wakefield	80
Orangeville	" Houston	75
*Shelburne	" Isnor	75
		3355

MONCTON DIVISION.

MAJOR BAUGH in command.

Fredericton	Capt. Fielder	420
Charlottetown	" Fradsham	220
Moncton	" McLean	195
Woodstock	" Hughes	180
Chatham	" E. Allan	175
St. Stephen	" Allen	170
Spring Hill Mines	" Larder	165
Pictou	" Wright	150
Amherst	" Larder	150
Newcastle	" Knight	150
Summerside, P.E.I	" Allen	125
Parrsboro'	" Watson	95
St. George	" Smith	90
Campbellton	" March	80
Georget'n, P.E.I.	" Rafuse	75
Hillsboro	" Gordon	75
		2515

KINGSTON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. MCINTYRE in command.

Kingston	Capt. Barber	370
Gananoque	" Bradley	215
Belleville	" Fox	210
Cobourg	" Cardiff	1[illegible]
Napanee	" Hazle	150
Madoc	" Whyte	110
Deseronto	" Cragg	10[illegible]
Picton	" Worr	10[illegible]
Campbellford	" Crosby	100
Bloomfield	" Best	100
Brighton	" Kett	90
Norwood	" Walker	85
Tweed	" Vanbuskirk	75
Bath	" Grainger	75
Trenton	" Bromley	7[illegible]
		202[illegible]

*WOODSTOCK DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SHARP in command.

Guelph	Capt. Savage	350
*Galt	" Turner	280
Woodstock	" Maltby	2[illegible]
Ingersoll	" Gage	250
St. Thomas	" Goodchild	200
Paris	" Cargill	12[illegible]
Berlin	" Fisher	12[illegible]
Tilsonburg	" Richardson	115
Norwich	" Ireland	100
Ayr	" Branigan	75
Acton	" Scarr	75
		1960

CHATHAM DIVISION.

ADJT. HOWELL in command.

Chatham	Capt. Elliott	340
Windsor	" Greatrex	200
Ridgetown	" Hay	160
Essex Centre	" McIntyre	125
Wallaceburg	" Ogilvie	100
Kingsville	" Parker	95
Dresden	" Sergeant	90
Blenheim	" Rowe	85
Leamington	" Gibbs	85
Bothwell	" Mudge	80
Comber	" Topham	80
Amherstburg	" Markle	80
Wheatley	" Hunt	80
Thamesville	" McKague	75
Tilbury Centre	" Ogilvie	75
		1750

PETERBORO DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. BEATTY in command.

Peterboro	Capt. Gale	400
Oshawa	" Butler	200
Port Hope	Capt. Ayre	200
Bowmanville	S.-C. Banks	190
Lindsay	Capt. Stephens	150
Whitby	" Murray	95
Uxbridge	" White	95
Omemee	" Barker	85
Millbrook	" Stockton	85
Sutton	" Boyle	75
Fenelon Falls	" Cockerill	75
Mt Albert	" McKenzie	75
		1725

*OTTAWA DIVISION.

ADJUTANT LEONARD in command.

Ottawa	Capt. Connett	330
Cornwall	" Webb	250
Perth	" Lindsay	160
Pembroke	" Payne	140
Morrisburg	" Ludgate	130
Kemptville	" Switzer	115
Carleton Place	" McKinnon	110
Brockville	" Gamey	105
Cobden	" Parker	105
Prescott	" Baker	90
*Renfrew	" Crosby	75
		1610

*HAMILTON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SOUTHALL in command.

Hamilton I	Capt. Hunter	[illegible]
Brantford	" Ashton	[illegible]
St. Catharines	" Gordon	[illegible]
Dundas	" [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	" Bristow	[illegible]
Simcoe	" [illegible]	[illegible]
Hamilton II	Capt. Pink	[illegible]
Niagara Falls	" Hewitt	[illegible]
Welland	" [illegible]	[illegible]
Fort Erie	" Wren	[illegible]

*BARRIE DIVISION.

MAJOR CALHOUN in command.

Barrie	Capt. Miller	[illegible]
[illegible]	" Williams	[illegible]
Parry Sound	" Daymond	[illegible]
Collingwood	" Bach	[illegible]
Bracebridge	" Boxall	[illegible]
*Newmarket	" Gale	[illegible]
Gravenhurst	" Johnson	[illegible]
Huntsville	" Ellery	[illegible]
Stayner	" Case	[illegible]
Midland	" Wiseman	[illegible]
Hillsdale	" King	[illegible]

*NEWFOUNDLAND [DIVISION.]

MAJOR SCOTT in command.

St. John's II	Capt. Hendrick	[illegible]
St. John's I	Adjt. Taylor	[illegible]
Harbor Grace	Capt. York	[illegible]
Carbonear	" Thistle	[illegible]
Little Bay	" Hear[illegible]	[illegible]
*Bay Roberts	" Pent[illegible]	[illegible]
*Burin	" Bowering	[illegible]

COMPETITION NOTES.

BY PRY.

"'War Cry' Text—'Be ready to distribute.'"—I. Tim. vi. 18.

That's a capital text. I am anxious [illegible] see every Salvationist ready to distribute the CRY and Y. S.

Why should the "Cry" not be distributed systematically, and in a business-like way?

The milk-man *distributes* his milk; the market-gardener *distributes* his vegetables. The butcher *distributes* his meat. The Salvationist *distributes* his Salvation literature; and I hope each soldier [illegible] with greater energy, do his or her very best to get a copy of the CRY and "Young Soldier" into as many homes as possible.

Well, well. With joy I pen this batch of notes. It is a continued rise [illegible]. Blessed be the Lord for the move in the circulation. It is nothing to what it is going to be.

Now really I am getting excited; [illegible] help it. Take a good look at the following figures. The increase this week is

80 War Crys.
225 Young Soldiers.

Total 305.

For weeks past the circulation has been going ahead, and continually it is moving nearer and nearer to that 20,000 weekly.

I shall do my level best to get it [illegible] to that number; and then I [illegible] that 20,000 "Young Soldiers" [illegible] circulated throughout the Dominion [illegible] week. It can be so. Heave-ho! lads and lasses. All hands to the rope.

In general, things look very bright indeed this week. Some of the D. O's [illegible] done excellent work, three of them adding 110. To God be all the glory.

Then, some of the Field Officers [illegible] been working along at a grand rate. God bless and reward them for their [illegible] zeal. I know there are still great [illegible] tories ahead for them. Yes! Yes! [illegible]

The following are a few hints how to sell the CRY:—

1. Don't take your WAR CRYS [illegible] post office till Saturday.

2. Don't read anything in the [illegible] the meeting.

3. At the meeting, get up and say [illegible] have got the new WAR CRYS, but [illegible] know what is in them; however [illegible] everybody to buy one and [illegible] selves.

They won't.

4. Don't sing from it till Sunday [illegible] Then have only one song, and that [illegible] a tune which nobody knows.

5. Don't take them to open-air [illegible]

6. Don't have a WAR CRY [illegible] if you do, have one who [illegible] about the paper and never [illegible]

7. Don't offer WAR CRYS for sale [illegible] people want them, let them take [illegible] trouble to ask for them.

8. Always keep them out of sight [illegible] meetings.

9. Never take them out [illegible] You might chance to sell [illegible] you did.

10. Never make any favorable remarks on them. Laugh at the [illegible] gether not only give them as [illegible] possible, but let your soldiers and everybody else see that you hold them [illegible] follow these rules closely, and I am sure [illegible] will get them out of your way and [illegible] out of The List.—*New York Cry.*

For Brigadiers to Digest.

Brig. Jacobs, I am glad to tell out the glad news, East, West, North and South. All the Eastern Brigade has piled on 150 this week. Now that the tide has turned and is rising, let it flow.

I know there are lots of warriors all over the Eastern Provinces who love to push the sale of the WAR CRY, and I know their Brigadier will set them a noble example. So, we push! push!! push!!! Brigadier Jacobs. Don't let the fact that you have first place keep you back.

Brigadier Glover has made a splendid move again. Let it be fully understood, that although the E.O. & Q. Brigade fails to defeat the Eastern, nevertheless, Brig. Glover means to keep up the honor of his Brigade and keep second man. I admire thy pluck, Friend Glover.

Then Brigadier Margetts has done even better work than Brigadier Glover, for has he not risen an additional 110? Well, T[illegible] H. Principal, that was a good, sound increase, and if you continue the good work, you may in time defeat Brigadier Glover.

Well done! Brig. Spooner, well done. Still you mean to soar ahead. I know it is not nice to suffer defeat, but you'll get boldly over that, and doubtless in the near future take your old place before Major Morris. I believe you will.

Brig. Spooner's brigade has gone up 65. I do believe the D.O's. will rally round him and thus make it very hot for the Western B.

Grand and glorious Major Morris. I noticed you were "in the swim" a few weeks ago, and you are still striking out for victory. 110 is no small number to add in one week, and I am pleased to congratulate you. Oh, for a burst of WAR CRY interest all over the Western Brigade.

Brig. Philpott is still steady, but this steady cloud will burst ere long, and the West Ontario Brigade will go up under flying colors, for with these warriors comes the mighty power of God.

How the Brigades stand now:—

Brig. Jacobs is		7745
Brig. Glover is 1925	behind	Brig. Jacobs
Brig. Margetts is 740	"	Brig. Glover
Major Morris is 255	"	Brig. Margetts
Brig. Spooner is 355	"	Major Morris
Brig. Philpott is 475	"	Brig. Spooner

Now, all ye Brigadiers, let there be a mighty move next week.

Special for D.O's.

Well done, Adjt. Addie. Thou art *the* man. But how long you'll keep the roost I know not. I think, however, you are safe for a few weeks.

Major Baugh, I see you are stationary. That will never do, my friend. You can, you will, you must rise higher yet.

I don't often hear of a D. O. defeating her Major, but it is so in the case of D. O. Grayson, for the B. C. Division has leaped over the Manitoba Division, and thus Major Morris is defeated. Well, that's too bad.

The London Division rises not this week. D. O. Sweetman will find it a still tougher job now to get ahead of D. O. Grayson. However, I verily believe he'll do his best at it.

Again Adjt. Collier's Division rises. Yes, the Halifax Division has added no less than 50, and I hope 'twill soon be 500.

D. O. Marshall, too, has again appeared on the scene, and if I know anything about him and his noble band of officers, they'll yet do good work. I am anxious to see the Montreal Division rise.

Admirable, D. O. John Cousins. With joy I hail thy rise of 10, and the St. John Division thus begins to move.

The Kingston, Chatham, and Peterboro' Divisions rise not.

D. O. Sharp goes to work in a business-like way. Continually he continues to creep up, and will yet rank ——!

Hallelujah for the big rise in the Ottawa Division. Good for you, Friend Christopher. I gladly note that rise of 75.

D. O. Southall, too, has made a move, adding 25, while the Barrie Division has put on 10 to the old figure.

And what can I say of the rise in Newfoundland? Gladly and cheerfully I tell the comrades all over the Dominion, that Major Scott has increased his order another 110. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

Rhyme for F. O's.

NOTE.—This can be sung to the tune of "Come, brethren dear."

Come, F.O's brave, make note of this,
Pry earnestly into the List,
For revelations there;
Some stations now are doing well,
Of others, I'm ashamed to tell,
As they appear so rare.

Brave Shelburne, in Toronto Div.,
Must really be on the *qui vive*—
They've added twenty-five,
While Lippincott still rises higher,
Adds twenty-five, by blood and fire,
Which shows they're all alive.

Toronto V. can't catch old II.,
Which makes Don warriors look blue,
Although they've added ten.
Newmarket, too, adds ten again,
And Captain Gale is not ashamed,
He's one of the faith men.

The Captain of the Oakville corps,
Has added five, plus a full score,
While Galt goes higher still,
By adding five, and Quebec II.
Stands by the yellow, red and blue;
I trust she ever will.

McGoinness rises twenty-five,
Renfrew braves are all alive,
They've added five Y. S.;
New Westminster, in B. C. Div.,
Has told me now to surely give
Them sixty. Yes, yes, yes.

Fifty Y. S. Vancouver adds;
God bless these lasses and these lads,
Away in the Far West;
While Digby ten WAR CRYS goes up,
This almost fills the D.O's cup,
And puts him to the test.

Acadia Mines, a bran new corps,
Takes of Y. S. still thirty more,
Good, Captain Tom Leavitt.
Poor Little Bay, N. F., falls down,
Bay Roberts' folks deserve a crown,
They're now into the List.

Then Burin, too, appears in print,
Oh! if each corps would take the hint,
And order twenty more,
The circulation would increase,
The Devil then would have no peace,
And loudly would he roar.

Again I say, don't fail to *pry*
Into the List, both low and high,
Do this well week by week;
The WAR CRY must be bravely sold,
By rich and poor, by young and old,
By brave, by mild, by meek.

SOCIAL WING

Musical Musketeers.

(Continued.)

Leaving Montreal on Monday morning, after a journey lasting about five hours, we arrived at Chesterville. Here we were met by Capt. McKeen, who had just farewelled, and Capt. Tovell with Lieut. Brady, who have taken charge. We at once repaired to the house of a friend who had provided dinner for us, to which, by the way, we did ample justice.

After a good march and open-air at night we went in for a good time. The solos and selections from the Band seemed to be enjoyed by all. The

BARRACKS WAS WELL FILLED,

and the people listened very attentively to Staff-Capt. Bolton's description of our Social Reform Work. It was here that a poor fellow very much under the influence of drink wanted to have his say in the meeting. He told us he very much approved of the Salvation Army and its work, to which, of course, we responded "amen," but as time was passing and we were not through with our part, the Staff-Captain asked him to please let us sing a chorus. He objected, so we sang without his consent. Of course he was very indignant, and threatened all sorts of things, but was quieted by a sergeant who kept near him during the remainder of the meeting. The

PEOPLE SHOWED THEIR SYMPATHY

in a very practical manner, and we closed the meeting with an invitation to those who were not saved to come to the Blood.

Leaving Chesterville at 12.01 on Tuesday we arrived at Winchester somewhere about two o'clock, having been delayed by an accident to one of the wheels of the car.

Here we find Capt. and Mrs. Woolley, who are having quite a fight to keep things moving. The people evidently were interested in Social Reform, for the crowd was very much in excess of any they had had for some time. This was more remarkable on account of the charge of ten cents.

At the close of the meeting, while Mrs. Bolton was shaking hands with some of the people in the audience,

QUITE A LITTLE SUM

was placed in her hands by some of the friends.

On the way from Winchester to Ottawa we had to wait an hour and a quarter at Kemptville Junction. The Capt. and Lieut. of the latter place met us here and informed us that the people there were in quite a way because we had not given them a night. To avoid the tediousness of a long wait at the station, we all made our way into the woods close by and gathered handfuls of beautiful wild flowers, with which we gladdened the hearts of the friends who entertained us in Ottawa.

Arrived at the latter place we were met at the depot by Brig. Glover, Adjt. Leonard and Walder, Capt. Connett and others. The band marched and played to the Temple, where they held a meeting while the Brigadier escorted the ladies to their billets and left them to rest till the night meeting.

The body of the Temple was well filled with a very respectable audience. Brig. Glover led off with a few testimonies. The band played several selections, Miss Greenman sang her solos, Ensign Golds and Lieut. Angus contributed their parts to the musical programme, then the Staff-Capt. arose to explain our Social Wing. The crowd paid close attention to all that was said, and, as Mrs. Bolton made the appeal for help

MANY WERE MOVED TO TEARS

and gave liberally of their substance to help along this grand work.

At Perth we had the pleasure of being billeted with "Verns."

The march and open-air attracted a great number on the street, many of whom followed to the Town Hall, which had been engaged for the evening. Although the building was not full, there was a good crowd, and everyone seemed to enjoy the meeting.

After Staff-Capt. Bolton had addressed the meeting on Social Reform, Mrs. Bolton took hold of the hearts and the people with her appeal for help. When the timbrels were passed around they showed their sympathy by giving a good collection.

Many also felt their need of a Saviour but refused to yield.

Friday evening finds us in Norwood, where we are met by Capt. Walker and her Lieut., who directed us to our billets.

The fine playing of our band on the street attracted a crowd which soon filled the barracks.

Lieut. Angus delighted the audience with "The General's Dream," while Cadet Bird's song, "Oh, won't you come?" was equally appreciated.

When help was asked for, at the close of Staff's address, quite a collection was taken up, some being so anxious to help that they threw their donations at the platform, striking Lieut. Angus on the head.

Saturday at 7 a.m. we were shaking hands with Capt. Gale and Lieut. Burrows at Peterboro. It being Saturday night, not a very large crowd greeted our appearance in the barracks, but they must have enjoyed the meeting, for we noticed that a large proportion of them were at all our meetings on Sunday as well, which was very encouraging. The

BARRACKS WAS WELL FILLED

for the afternoon meeting. Those who had been present at the other meetings looked forward with pleasure to what was to come, and those who had not been there were delighted with what took place. We were ably assisted by "Cabbage Mike," who sang with telling effect, "I have given myself to Jesus." When donations were asked for, the people helped nobly.

The night meeting was a crowning time. Comrade Mary McAlpine sang, "I need Thee every hour," before saying farewell for the Training Garrison. During the prayer-meeting, Lieut. Morris had the joy of leading a young man to the penitent form. After kneeling there awhile out came a pipe and some tobacco. Staff, Ensign Golds and Cabbage Mike all took part in demolishing the pipe with the greatest satisfaction. It did not take long after this for the Lord to save our brother, so after he had given his testimony we had a real hallelujah wind-up. Cabbage Mike again favored us with, "I have given myself to Jesus," with his own accompaniment.

Although very, very tired, we were well satisfied with the results of the day, and we wended our way to our billets to sleep the sleep of the just. FLORENCE EASTON.

THERE IS A HELL.

Some people claim that the word hell in the Bible means, the grave. So, according to their idea, about everybody will go to hell (the grave), except, literally speaking, those who are drowned at sea, or buried in a mine, and so forth.

You are therefore quite certain of going to hell (the grave). But, without a doubt, you will go into the hell of fire and torment, and be tortured for ever, ever, ever, if you don't give yourself to God and serve Him with all your might.

Note this, will you? "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more power that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: fear him, which after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him."

That don't mean to "cast into the grave," for any man or woman can bury a person, but cannot cast your soul into a hell of torment. There is a place you will go to after death beside the grave. I just escaped the genuine hell by the skin of my teeth, but if you get there you might give your whole body to redeem your soul, but it won't do it. If you would escape, get saved and join the Salvation Army. That's what I did.

Skirmishes at the Battle's Front.

We have never found any branch of the work so delightful as the hand-to-hand skirmishes and face-to-face engagements upon the battle-field. It was therefore with great joy that we hailed the opportunity afforded us of a week-end (in company with Lieutenant Griffiths, of musical fame) at

West Toronto Junction.

These Junctionites believe in making the most of the beautiful spring weather, and accordingly it was soon evident that our Saturday night meeting would be held in the old-time fashion of an out-door ring. The band, of course, ensured a good crowd, and we were surprised as well as charmed by the way our audience stood and listened until a late hour. There was a good feeling too—a

Free, Go-ahead, Happy,

and I trust, profitable time. Sinners were faithfully warned, and lovingly entreated, and we parted in good faith for the morrow's fight.

Knee-drill, we must confess, disappointed us, so far as numbers were concerned, for we are just old-fashioned enough to believe that a rousing knee-drill is a good omen for the day's battles. It is true that we officers went in for early blessings, but alas! soldiers were only conspicuous by their absence.

Our morning and evening meetings were particularly good; and yet I must qualify that, for we saw no results, although we worked hard.

• • •

During the week we had the pleasure of lending Ensign Dawson a helping hand at a Social Reform meeting in the

Eglinton Methodist Church.

It is quite cheering to notice how these meetings are cementing the bands of Christian brotherhood between the Army and the other denominations.

One minister was heard to say after this meeting, *"Oh! if I had only been alone, I could have wept at the grand work that is going on; it makes us feel as if we were doing so little."*

Saturday soon came round again, and we boarded the cars for

Oshawa,

receiving a most hearty welcome from Capt. and Mrs. White, who had not as yet spent their first Sunday there. I don't think anyone enjoyed those meetings more than we did! Although unacquainted before, we found we had come to just the liveliest, kindliest, and most red-hot family party that we have seen for a long time. The old Medical Hall was crowded, and in spite of the unfavorable circumstance of being minus a platform, our comrades who were seated where such luxuries are generally placed, were just as full of praise and thanksgiving as if the walls were frescoed with fine art, the ceilings varnished, and the remainder of the surroundings were all to match.

I have visited corps where the need of a band made itself badly felt, where there was neither much voice nor melody, but those who know Oshawa will agree with me, that the sweetest of all singing is that which comes from

Hearts Tuned to Praise,

and overflowing with gratitude, and that was the kind of music we had on Saturday night. Nevertheless we were not badly off in the instrumental line either, for in addition to an organ, we had a violin, two cornets, drums, timbrels, cymbals, not to mention a concertina.

Knee-drill was refreshing to our souls; there was no break, but just one continuous flow of prayer. Everybody joined in.

At eleven o'clock the Lord came and blessed our souls. Mrs. Capt. White read to us, and the Lord backed the Word by the power of His spirit.

Our afternoon meeting was preceded by a march round town. We were so glad to have the efficient help of Captain Peard and his worthy father, all day long. At night again, after a short open-air we went in for

Heart to Heart Business

for eternity. The blessed spirit again sent home the truth, and it was evident that many souls were wrestling with the powers of darkness.

To our joy one yong man came bravely out, and, confessing his sins, once more started to live for God. Yet our hearts were heavy for the many who did not decide, but turned sadly away. We believe that God's spirit will prevail and Jesus shall win. NETTIE SIMCO.

PEACE.

Oh, the peace the Saviour gives,
Peace that 'mid the tempest lives;
Storms around may make a din,
Jesus' peace still reigns within.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS VISITED.

Major Morris Recounts His Travels.

Dear Editor,—It seems almost like a dream to me. The world does not seem such a large place after all. Since my last report of progress from the Western Brigade, things seem to have boomed, and the CRY is becoming more a public paper. They ask for it nearly all over. Evidently they are searching to know just what we are doing in the great S. A.

You know the Commissioner wished me to visit the Sandwich Islands, and soldier-like, if it had been ten times as far I should still have answered, "Yes, ready at once." My instructions followed me, as I had only a few hours to get ready for my nine thousand mile tour. Cut off from my home, the Brigade, and even from the S.A., showed me how much

MY LIFE WAS WRAPPED UP IN IT,

and if the "War Cry" is as precious to my comrades and outsiders, which I fully believe it is, no officer, soldier, or friend need be ashamed of pushing it. When on the Islands I would have given my last coin for one. When I reached Victoria I sat up nearly all the night perusing the back numbers, which were almost as hard to find as snow in summer, as all our corps sell out nearly every week. We are going up. We are "in the swim."

Victoria. The old church fills; souls are crying for mercy at the altar rails; everybody seems in ecstacy of joy; Father Gray is dancing happy; Capt. McIntyre is pushing things ahead.

EIGHT HUNDRED CRYS

will take some beating. Capt. Palmer, of the Victoria Rescue Home, is working hard and succeeding, too. She means victory. They took under hand, the papers said, one of the worst cases of fallen women in B.C., and in two months the woman takes a situation and bids fair to rise. Send her a donation for the Home, and pray God's blessing on her, as she has one of the hardest rows to hoe in the Rescue branch. I visited Vancouver on my way to Winnipeg. We had a most lively meeting. The conversions at this corps of late have been many, also many have joined our ranks. Some hundreds of dollars will be lost by the hotelkeepers, and the business men will be benefitted, also the policemen will not have so much bother to look after them. A policeman once said to me:

"Well, Major, if the S. A. has done no more good than ease us of a little work it has done a good work. I reckon we are brothers—you look after the soul, and we look after the body." I said, "That's so."

Capt. Hilts, Calgary, reports barracks too small.

AT TWO IN THE MORNING

they were scouring the platform to find me among the passengers bound East.

Lieut. Gooding has met with an accident, therefore is not enabled to attend the meetings. They have been resting. Capt. Hilts returns well, but the Lieut. still remains sick. The corps' march is upward, and the motto still remains, "Calgary for Jesus."

Capt. Gordon, Lieut. Johnson and soldiers met me at Moose Jaw. They have cheering news. They mean to stick, and if no great results, they have evidence, since being in charge, of God's saving and keeping power.

Visible results? Yes, here they are:

Brandon.—Quite a few of our soldiers here have gone on to their farms during seeding, therefore cannot get to the meetings. Quite a few old and new faces meet and greet us. Meetings all day Sunday, beautiful. Quite a few arose to the call in the morning holiness meeting. One dear fellow met us at the train the following morning wearing a badge.

HE HAD SPENT $400

in a few weeks, and lost all hope of being saved, but on Sunday night it was settled. Bless the Lord. It being the races the next day, Capt. Fry announced a special time. She writes me:

"One saved in the open-air in the morning. He marched and testified to the saving power of God all day. Two souls at night, and $24 collection. Beautiful!"

When I reached Portage la Prairie I found Capt. Rennie, Lieut. Gooding and soldiers, with faces beaming full of joy. They are digging trenches and throwing up embankments. To this corps the cleaning of guns means more than smoke, "Crys" are going up. Some one informed me that two commercial travellers, knowing they were almost sold out, bought quite a few "Crys," and thinking 5c. was too cheap, raised the price to 25c. We cannot tell whether they sold out or not. No one saw them leave by the trains, and they were not to be seen on the streets the next day. It was thought they had been asked by the policemen to carefully study its pages in private.

Winnipeg. All change here. What a welcome meets me from the officers, soldiers and friends. Volley after volley was fired. The papers kindly advertised the welcome home meeting. No wonder the crowds filled the barracks at night. Capt. Aikenhead and Lieut. Green have slaughtered the enemy in fine style. The corps has improved. Results marvellous. When I visited the Winnipeg Rescue Home my eyes seemed to deceive me, but it was true. They assured me all the new things were paid for, they had kept out of debt and paid their way. Then came the news. "She's gone to a situation." Then calling another name, "She's doing well." All seemed good news.

I am afraid, dear Editor, my epistle will be too long, and receive the same treatment as the last did, but you know, I have been away.

R. MORRIS.

The following account of the Major's "Welcome Home" meeting appeared in the Winnipeg *Free Press* and *Sun*:—

MAJOR MORRIS HOME.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION TO THE S. A. COMMANDER.

An Account of His Trip to the Sandwich Islands—He Finds that There is Work for the Army There.

The Salvation Army celebrated last evening both the Queen's birthday and the return of Major Morris from his trip to the Pacific coast and thence to the Sandwich Islands, with the object of finding an opening for Army work there. Open-air meetings were held in different parts of the city, and the band with a considerable gathering of officers and soldiers met the Major on the arrival of the C.P.R. train from the west and gave him a hearty welcome home.

The Salvation Army hall was visited by many hundreds of people last evening, the attractions being the gathering of the officers and soldiers in full force with the band, and Major Morris, who has just returned from his

TRIP TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS,

with the expectation of hearing him tell something of his experiences while away. The meeting was a good one, keeping up the interest all the evening. Solos were sung by Captain Tierney, of the Rescue Home, and Capt. Harry Morris, the latter accompaning himself on the banjo. A commendable feature of the solo singing was the distinct and forcible enunciation of the words. The testimonies given by the soldiers in the part of the meeting devoted to this exercise were impressively spoken, and were to the point and not too long. The constant practice, night after night, results in manifest improvement in public speaking; and before many years the effectiveness of the system of training will no doubt be more generally recognised than it is now.

Major Morris used to advantage various incidents of his trip, before entering upon his main address. He told of a meeting the night before which had resulted in the conversion of a man who had come to this country to seek a home for himself and family, but had taken to drinking and lost all his money, $400 or $500. He said he was glad to get back, it seemed as if no train could bring him fast enough. He had found no place that he liked so well as his territory, from Manitoba right to the coast. He spoke of

THE LEPERS OF HONOLULU,

telling how those who are suspected of having the disease are quarantined in the suburbs; and how those who are found to be affected are banished to the Lepers' Island. Telling how ladies drive out and leave oranges, etc., for those in quarantine, he said the Salvation Army was like that; it comes around to different places where people have leprosy of sin, and hands out a song, a testimony, or something true out of God's word. Thank God, there is a cure for this leprosy; you need not remain in quarantine, or be banished away forever. Speaking at a later stage, and somewhat more at length about the Sandwich Islands, he said he had been ordered by the Commissioner to visit them, and had not had many days' notice. The visit had done him good temporally and spiritually. There had been missionaries there for quite a long time, and the people were generally God-fearing. There are 20,000 inhabitants in Honolulu, 10,000 of whom are Chinese. The latter were the best he had seen, as they were brought more into contact with white people. Many of them

ADOPTED EUROPEAN DRESS,

and they did two-thirds of the business of all kinds. They are industrious and clean, and they cultivate a great deal of land that had been worth nothing, but now produced three crops a year. Many scores of them had accepted Christianity. His attention had been struck by a very large native church built of coral in memory of the first missionary. There were to-day two or three native churches which were crowded to excess on Sundays. Nearly every denomination was represented, but there was not the zeal that should be manifested. The native children were being taught to speak English. About a thousand people, including natives and others, speak English. Everybody goes to bed at nine o'clock, and rises early. Bathing in the morning is generally practiced; the water has a pleasant temperature of 75 degrees. The thermometer does not vary above ten degrees in the year, ranging from 76 to 82 all the year round. Walking around the town at first he had thought it was not a very wicked place; but on Saturday morning everything was changed; everybody seemed to be let loose and he had

NEVER SEEN SO MUCH DRUNKENNESS

in a few minutes. He began then to look up friends; and he found people who would be ready to take a cargo of Salvationists as soon as they landed from the ship. He found many Japanese working on plantations, for whose Salvation nothing was being done. From plantations, which a few years ago were barren, it was expected that 200,000 tons of sugar would be taken during this next year. This fertility was due to the sinking of artesian wells.

The Major spoke of the volcanic nature of the country; also of its beautiful appearance, with its profusion of beautiful flowers and its beautiful climate; he thought it was very much like heaven. He concluded with an earnest appeal to those who were unsaved to come to Christ. Announcements were made of a musical demonstration, on Thursday evening, and of the opening of the Army work in Selkirk next Sunday.

At St. John, N. B., on the 25th.

While many people were celebrating the Queen's Birthday in various places and in various ways, seeking for pleasure, the Salvation Army had arranged to have a big time. All the city forces were to unite at 2 p. m. for a great march round the city. A splendid crowd of soldiers turned out. Headed by the brass band, we marched to the market square,

For a Great Open-Air.

Hundreds flocked around, listened well, and gave a good collection. A good number followed us to the Bowling Alley, for the great "Musical Cyclone," led by Brig. Jacobs. McDonald the Scribe led off with his banjo, "The General's Dream, that noble Scheme," and finished with "Keep them slippers on your feet," etc. Nothing like perseverance. Solos, duetts, and married-womenetts followed, and a happy meeting came to a happy conclusion. All the corps united for the

SIXTH ANNIVERSARY DEMONSTRATION

at 7.30 p. m., led by Brig. Jacobs, assisted by D.O. Cousins and all the city officers and Cadets. The night march was an improvement on the afternoon. It looked well. Hundreds of people looked on from the sidewalks, and were convinced that the Salvation Army in the city of St. John was still a living reality, without spiritual consumption, after six years' test. Crowds followed to the barracks, and a real enjoyable and blessed meeting was held, resulting in the salvation of three precious souls. Thus ended the Queen's Birthday, well spent and much enjoyed.

Capt. W. Andrews has just taken charge of No. 1. He is full of plans and faith for great things.

"The Lord has helped thee much before,
And lives to help thee evermore.
Prove Him."

JEHU.

READ

Holy Ann

In next week's WAR CRY.

ATTENTION!

CENTRAL BRIGADE!!

Officers, Soldiers and Friends, please note that all S.A. Publications and Uniform will be found for sale at the Headquarters of the Central Brigade Trade Depot, cor. Lippincott and Ulster Streets, Toronto.

LASSIES, NOTE!

We have a First-Class Red Jersey in stock at the low price of $2.00. Every Officer and Soldier should get one.

NOTE—For the accommodation of Soldiers and Friends, we keep our store open every Tuesday night until 8:30 P.M.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

The Commissioner ... ledges the following ... Social Wing.

FOR THE LONDON RESCUE ... Anderson, 50c.; Bro. Ackford, ... Caul, 25c.; Mr. Holman, ... $1; Mrs. Sussex, 50c.; ... Bothwell, 25c.; Mr. Over... Higgins & McCormick, ... A Friend, three jars fruit; ... Agett, rhubarb; Mrs. ... McCormick, potatoes; ... ter; Perrin, biscuits; ... milk; Mrs. Cottam, meat and ... Gatecliff, Chapman, ... meat; Bro. Ackford, ... bag potatoes; Mrs. Cattle, ...

FOR THE MONTREAL RESCUE ... Vipond, 50c.; A. Lancaster, ... ham, 50c.; C. L. Casselman, ... small amounts, $2.63; Mr. ... Gillespie, 25c.; Jas. Woodhouse, ... Wood, $2; Friend, barrel of ... Russell, Mr. Virtue and Mr. ...

EASTERN BRIGADE

JUNE BATTLES

For God and Souls

Brigadier and Mrs. Jacobs, Major ... Staff-Capt. Cousins, the ... Troupe, and 50 Officers

WILL VISIT

ST. JOHN III., June 15. 8 p.m. ... Meeting.
ST. JOHN I., June 16. 2.30 p.m. ... Meeting.
ST. JOHN I., June 16. 8 p.m. ... Demonstration.
CARLETON, June 17. 8 p.m. Salvation Demonstration.

Brigadier and Mrs. Jacobs, Major ... Adjt. Collier, and 40 Officers

WILL VISIT

NEW GLASGOW, June 18. 8 p.m. ... ness Meeting.
NEW GLASGOW, June 18. 8 p.m. ... ed Conflagration Meeting.
NEW GLASGOW, June 19. 8 p.m. ... ness Meeting, admission by ...

Brig. and Mrs. Jacobs, and Major ...

WILL VISIT

PICTOU, June 20th, 21st and 22nd. Anniversary and Banquet.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., June 23rd and 24th. Salvation and Holiness Demonstration.
GEORGETOWN, June 25th. Salvation and Holiness Demonstration.
WINSLOW ROAD, June 26th. Salvation and Holiness Demonstration.
SUMMERSIDE, June 27th, 28th, and 29th. Salvation and Holiness Demonstration.
CAMPBELLTON, July 4th, 5th and 6th. Opening of New Barracks.
CHATHAM, July 7th. Salvation Demonstration.
NEWCASTLE, July 8th. Salvation Demonstration.

To St. John Soldiery. Big Field Day and Excursion on July 1st.

PETERBORO DIVISION.

BIG CAMP MEETINGS.

D. O. and Mrs. Beatty will lead ... Camp Meetings (under canvas) on the

Peterboro Exhibition Grounds

FROM

Saturday, June 13, to June ... (Inclusive.)

A STAFF OF OFFICERS WILL BE PRESENT.

S.A. Band in attendance. Silver Collection at the Gate. Shed for Horses. Refreshments on the Grounds.

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